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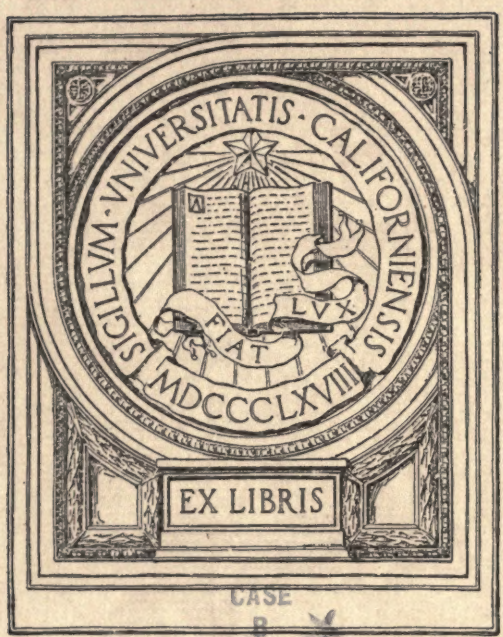

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Looking Glasse for London and England

Made by THOMAS LODGE . . . and ROBERT GREENE

1594

Date of earliest known original edition (Devonshire) 1594

Date of this edition 1598

[*B. M. C.* 34. *d.* 21]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

A Looking Glasse for London and England

Made by THOMAS LODGE . . . and ROBERT GREENE

1594

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

A Looking Glasse for London and England

Made by Thomas Lodge . . . and Robert Greene

1594

This play, staged by Lord Strange's company in March, 1591-2 *(Greene died Sept.,* 1592*) was licensed for press in* 1593-4. *Hazlitt schedules copies of this edition as in the Devonshire, British Museum, and Bridgewater Libraries, &c.: only the Devonshire copy is indexed by Greg, and that was not available for reproduction. I had therefore to fall back on the B. M. copy of the* 1598 *edition, of which there are also two copies in Bodley. Other impressions appeared in* 1602 *and* 1617.

To Lodge has been assigned, in collaboration, several other plays, "with little or no reason" (says Dr. Sidney Lee in D.N.B. [*q.v.*])

This reproduction from the original is satisfactory and faithfully done.

JOHN S. FARMER.

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A LOOKING Glaſſe, for London and Englande.

Made by Thomas Lodge Gentleman, and *Robert Greene*.

In Artibus Magiſter.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be ſolde by William Barley, at his ſhop in Gratious ſtreete.
1598.

A Looking Glaſſe, For London and England.

Enters *Raſni* king of *Niniue*, with three kings of *Cicilia*, *Creet*, and *Paphlagonia*, from the ouerthrow of *Ieroboam*, King of *Ieruſalem*.

SO pace ye on triumphant warriours,
Make Venus Lemnō armd in al his pomp,
Bath at the brightneſſe of your hardy lookes,
For you the Viceroyes and the Caualires,
That wait on Raſnies royall mightineſſe:
Boaſt pettie kings, and glorie in your fates,
That ſtars haue made your fortuns clime ſo high,
To giue attend on Raſnies excellency.
Am I not he that rules great Niniuie,
Rounded with Lycas ſiluer flowing ſtreames,
Whoſe Citie large Diametri containes,
Euen three daies iournies length from wall to wall,
Two hundreth gates carued out of burniſht braſſe,
As glorious as the portoyle of the Sunne,
And for to decke heauens battlements with pride,
Six hundreth Towers that topleſſe touch the cloudes:
This Citie is the ſeateſtole of your King,
A hundreth Lords do honour at my ſeate,
My ſcepter ſtraineth both the poralels,
And now to t'enlarge the highneſſe of my power,
I haue made Iudeas Monarch flee the field,
And beat proud Ieroboam from his holds,
Winning from Cades to Samaria,

A looking Glaſſe, for

Great Iewries God that foild ſtout Benhadab,
Could not rebate the ſtrength that Raſni brought,
For be he God in heauen, yet Vicerоyes know,
Raſni is God on earth and none but he.

Cicilia. If lowely ſhape, feature by natures ſkill,
Paſſing in beautie faire Endymions,
That Luna wrapt within her ſnowy brests,
Or that ſweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,
Tranſformde vnto a purple Hiacynth,
If beautie Nunpareile in excellence,
May make a King match with the Gods in gre,
Raſni is God on earth, and none but he.

Creet. If martiall lokes wrapt in a cloud of wars
More fierce then Mars, lightneth fro his eyes
Sparkling reuenge and dyre diſparagement:
If doughtie deedes more haughtie then any done,
Seald with the ſmile of fortune and of fate,
Matchleſſe to manage Lance and Curteler.
If ſuch high actions grac'd with victories,
May make a King match with the Gods in gre,
Raſni is God on earth, and none but he.

Paphlag. If Pallas wealth.

Raſni. Vicerоyes inough, Paphlagon no more,
See where's my ſiſter faire Remilia,
Fairer then was the virgin Dania,
That waits on Venus with a golden ſhow,
She that hath ſtolen the wealth of Raſnes lokes,
And tide his thoughts within her lowely locks,
She that is lou'd, and loue vnto your King,
See where ſhe comes to gratulate my fame.

Enters Radagon with Remilia, ſiſter to Raſni,
Aluia wife to Paphlagon, and other Ladies,
bring a Globe ſeated in a ſhip.

Remilia. Victorious Monarch, ſecond vnto Ioue,
Mars vpon earth, and Neptune on the Seas,

Whoſe frowne ſtroyes all the Ocean with a calme,
Whoſe ſmile, drawes Flora to diſplay her pride,
Whoſe eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,
Raſni the Regent of great Niniuie,
For thou haſt foyld proud Ieroboams force,
And like the muſtering breath of Æolus,
That ouerturnes the pines of Libanon,
Haſt ſcattered Iury and her vpſtart gromes,
Winning from Cades to Samaria,
Remilia greets thée with a kinde ſalute,
And for a preſent to thy mightineſſe,
Giues thée a Globe folded within a ſhip,
As King on earth, and Lord of all the Seas,
With ſuch a welcome vnto Niniuie
As may thy ſiſters humble loue afford.

Raſni. Siſter. The title fits not thy degrée,
A higher ſtate of honour ſhall be thine,
The louely Trull that Mercury intrapt,
Within the curious pleaſure of his tongue,
And ſhe that baſht the ſun-god with her eyes,
Faire Semele the choiſe of Venus maides,
Were not ſo beauticus as Remilia.
Then ſweeting ſiſter ſhall not ſerue the turne,
But Raſnes wife, his Lemnion and his loue.
Thou ſhalt like Iuno wed thy ſelfe to Ioue,
And fold me in the riches of thy faire,
Remilia ſhall be Raſnes Paramour.
For why if I be Mars for warlike déeds,
And though bright Venus for thy cleare aſpect,
Why ſhould not from our loynes iſſue a ſonne,
That might be Lord of royall ſouereignitie?
Of twentie worlds, if twentie worlds might be,
What ſaiſt Remilia, art thou Raſnes wife?

Remilia. My heart doth ſwell with fauour of thy thoughts,
The loue of Raſni maketh me as proud
As Iuno when ſhe wore heauens Diademe.

Thy ſiſter borne, was for thy wife by loue,
Had I the riches nature locketh vp,
To decke her darling, beautie when ſhe ſmiles,
Raſni ſhould prancke him in the pride of all.
Raſni. Remelias loue, is farre more either pride,
Then Ieroboams or the worlds ſubdue,
Lordings, ile haue my weddings ſumptuous,
Made glorious with the treaſures of the world,
Ile fetch from Albia ſhelues of Margarites,
And ſtrip the Indies of their Diamonds,
And Tyre ſhall yéeld me tribute of her gold,
To make Remelias wedding glorious,
Ile ſend for all the Damoſell Quéenes that liue
Within the reach of Raſnies gouernment,
To wait as hand maides to Remelia,
That her attendant traine may paſſe the troupe
That gloried Venus at her wedding day.
Creete. Oh my Lord, not ſiſter to thy loue,
Tis inceſt and too foule a fact for kings,
Nature allowes no limits to ſuch luſt. (Lord,
Rada. Preſumptuous Viceroy, darſt thou check thy
Or twit him with the lawes that nature loues,
Is not great Raſni aboue natures reach,
God vpon earth, and all his will is law.
Creet. Oh flatter not, for hateſull is his choiſe,
And ſiſters loue will blemiſh all his worth.
Radag. Doth not the brightneſſe of his maieſtie,
Shadow his déeds from being counted faults.
Raſni Well haſt thou anſwered within Radon,
I like thée for thy learned Sophiſtri,
But thou of Creet, that countercheckſt thy King,
Packe hence in exile, giue Radagon thy Crowne,
Be thée Vicegerent of his royaltie?
And faile me not in what my thoughts may pleaſe,
For from a begger haue I brought thée vp,
And gracſt thée with the honour of a Crowne,

Ye quandam king, what ſeed ye on delaies?
Creete. Better no King then Viceroy vnder him
That hath no vertue to maintaine his Crowne.
Raſni. Remilias, what faire dames be thoſe that wait
Attendant on my matchleſſe royaltie?
Remilia. Tis Alma, the faire wife to the king of Paphlagonia.
Raſni. Truſt me ſhe is a faire: thou haſt Paphlagon a Jewell,
To fold thée in ſo bright a ſweetings armes.
Rad. Like you her my Lord?
Raſni. What if I do Radagon?
Rada. Why then ſhe is yours my Lord, for marriage
Makes no exception, where Raſni doth command.
Paphla. Ill doſt thou counſell him to fancy wiues.
Rada. Wife or not wife, what ſo he likes is his.
Raſni. Well anſwered Radagon thou art for me,
Fæd thou mine humour, and be ſtill a king.
Lords go in tryumph of my happie loues,
And for to feaſt vs after all our broiles,
Frolicke and reuell it in Niniuie.
Whatſoeuer befitteth your conceited thoughts,
Be good or ill, loue or not loue my boyes,
In loue, or what may ſatiſfie your luſt,
Act it my Lords, for no man dare ſay no.
Smith, *Deueſum imperium, Cum Ioue nunc teno.*

Exeunt.

Enters brought in by an Angell *Oſeas* the Prophet, and ſet downe ouer the Stage in a Throne.

Angell. Amaze not man of God, if in the ſpirit
Th'art brought from Iewry vnto Niniuie,
So was Elias wrapt within a ſtorme,
And ſet vpon mount Carnell by the Lord,
For thou haſt preacht long to the ſtubborne Iewes,
Whoſe flintie hearts haue felt no ſweet remorſe,
But lightly valuing all the threats of God,
Haue ſtill perſeuerd in their wickedneſſe.

Loe I haue brought thée vnto Niniuie,
The rich and royall Cittie of the world,
Pampred in wealth, and ouergrowne with pride,
As Sodome and Gomorrha full of ſin,
The Lord lookes downe and cannot ſée one good,
Not one that couets to obey his will,
But wicked all, from Cradle to the Church.
Note then Oſeas all their grieuous ſinnes,
And ſée the wrath of God that paies reuenge.
And when the ripeneſſe of their ſin is full,
And thou haſt written all their wicked through,
Ile carrie thée to Iewry, backe againe,
And ſeate thée in the great Ieruſalem,
There ſhalt thou publiſh in her open ſtréetes,
What God ſends downe his hatefull wrath for ſin,
On ſuch as neuer heard his Prophets ſpeake,
Much more will he inflict a world of plagues,
On ſuch as heare the ſwéetneſſe of his voice,
And yet obey not what his Prophets ſpeake,
Bit thée Oſeas ponduring in the ſpirit,
The mightineſſe of theſe fond peoples ſinnes,
Oſeas. The will of the Lord be done.

Exit. Angell.

Enters the Clowne and his crew of Ruffians, to go to drinke.

Ruffian. Come on Smith, thou ſhalt be one one of the crew, becauſe thou knoweſt where the beſt Ale in the Towne is.

Smith. Come on, in faith my colts, I haue left my M. ſtriking of a heat, and ſtole away, becauſe I would keep you company.

Clowne. Why, what ſhall we haue this paltrie Smith with vs?

Smith.

Smith. Paltry Smith, why you incarnatiue knaue, what are you, that you ſpeak pettie treaſon againſt the Smiths trade?

Clowne. Why ſlaue, I am a gentleman of Niniuie.

Smith. A Gentleman good ſir, I remember you well and al your progenitors, your father bare office in our towne, an honeſt man he was, and in great diſcredit in the parith, for they beſtowed two ſquires liuings on him, the one was on workingdayes, and then he kept the towne ſtage, and on holidaies they made him the Sextons man, for he whipt dogs out of the Church. Alas ſir, your father, why ſir me-thinks I ſee the Gentleman ſtil, a proper youth he was faith, aged ſome foure ſcore ten, his beard Rats colour, halfe blacke, halfe white, his noſe was in the higheſt degree of noſes, it was noſe Autem glorificam, ſo ſet with Rubies, that after his death it ſhould haue bin nailed vp in Copper-ſmiths hall for a monument. Well ſir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the firſt man that euer inſtructed me in the myſterie of a pot of Ale.

2. Well ſaid Smith, that croſt him ouer the thumbs.

Clowne. Villaine were it not that we goe to be merrie, my rapier ſhould preſently quit thy opprobrious termes.
O Peter, Peter, put vp thy ſword I prithie heartily into thy ſcabbard, hold in your rapier, for though I haue not a long reather, I haue a ſhort iutter. Nay then gentlemen ſtay me, for my choller begins to riſe againſt him: for mark the words of a paltry Smith, Oh horrible ſentence, thou haſt in theſe words I will ſtand to it, libelled againſt all the ſound horſes, whole horſes, ſore horſes, Courſers, Curtalls, Jades, Cuts, Hacknies, and Mares: whereupon my friend, in their defence, I giue thee this curſe, thou ſhalt be worth a horſe of thine owne this ſeuen yeare.

1. Clowne. I prithie Smith is your occupation ſo excellent? A paltry Smith, why ile ſtand to it, a Smith is Lord of the foure elements, for our iron is made of the earth, our bellowes blowe out aire, our fire holdes fire, and our forge water. Nay ſir, we reade in the Chronicles, that there was a God of our occupation,

Clowne. I, but he was a Cuckold.

What was the reaſon ſir he cald your father coſen, paltry ſmith, why in this one word thou haſt defaced their worſhipful occupation.

Clowne. As how?

Marrie ſir I will ſtand to it, that a Smith in his kinde is a Phiſition, a Surgion and a Barber. For let a Horſe take a colo, or be troubled with the bots, and we ſtraight giue him a potiō or a purgation, in ſuch phiſicall maner that he mends ſtraight, if he haue outward diſeaſes, as the ſpring, ſplent, ring-bone, windgall or faſhion, or ſir a galled back, we let him blood & clap a plaiſter to him with a peſtilence, that mends him with a verie vengeance, now if his mane grow out of order, and he haue any rebellious hairs, we ſtraight to our ſheeres and trim him with what cut it pleaſe vs, pick his eares and make him neat, marry indeed ſir, we are ſlouens for one thing, we neuer vſe any muſk-balls to waſh him with, & the reaſon is ſir, becauſe he can woe without kiſſing.

Clowne. Well ſirrha, leaue off theſe praiſes of a Smyth, and bring vs to the beſt Ale in the towne.

Now ſir I haue a feate aboue all the Smyths in Niniuie, for ſir, I am a Philoſopher that can diſpute of the nature of Ale, for marke you ſir, a pot of ale conſiſts of foure parts, Imprimis the Ale, the Toaſt, the Ginger and the Nutmeg.

Clowne. Excellent.

The Ale is a reſtoratiue, bread is a binder, marke you ſir two excellent points in phiſicke, the Ginger, oh ware of that: the philoſophers haue written of the nature of ginger, tis expulſitiue in two degrees, you ſhal here the ſentēce of Galen, it wil make a man belch, cough, & fart, and is a great comfort to the heart, a proper poeſie I promiſe you, but now to the noble vertue of the Nutmeg, it is ſaith one Ballad, I think an Engliſh Roman was the authour, an vnderlayer to the braines, for when the Ale giues a buffet to the head, oh the Nutmeg that keepes him for a while in temper.

Thus you ſee the diſcription of the vertue of a pot of Ale, now ſir

to put my phiſicall precepts in practiſe follow me, but afore I ſtep any further.

Clowne. Whats the matter now?

Why ſeeing I haue prouided the Ale, who is the puruaior for the wenches, for maiſters take this of me, a cup of Ale without a wench, why alaſſe tis like an egge without ſalt, or a red herring without muſtard.

Lead vs to the Ale, well haue wenches inough I warrant thee.

Oſeas. Iniquitie ſeekes our companions ſtill,
And mortall men are armed to do ill:
London looke on, this matter nips thee neere,
Leaue off thy ryot, pride and ſumptuous cheere.
Spend leſſe at boord, and ſpare not at the doore,
But aid the infant, and releeue the poore,
Elſe ſeeking mercy, being mercileſſe,
Thou be adiudged to endleſſe heauineſſe.

Enters the Vſurer, a yoong Gentleman, and a poore man.

Vſurer. Come on, I am euery day troubled with thoſe needie companions, what newes with you, what wind brings you hither?

Gent. Sir I hope how far foeuer you make it off, you remember too well for me, that this is the day wherein I ſhould pay you money that I take vp of you alate in a commoditie.

Poore man. And ſir, ſirreuerence of your manhood and gentrie, I haue brought home ſuch mony as you lent me.

Vſurer. You yong Gentleman, is my mony readie?

Gentle. Trulie ſir, this time was ſo ſhort, the commoditie ſo bad, and the promiſe of friends ſo broken, that I could not prouide it againſt the day, wherefore I am come to intreat you to ſtand my friend, and to fauour me with a longer time, and I will make you ſufficient conſideration.

Vſurer. Is the winde in that doore, if thou haſt my mony ſo it is, I will not defer a day, an houre, a minute, but take the forfeyt

of the bond.

Gent. I pray you ſir conſider that my loſſe was great by the commoditie I toke vp, you knowe ſir I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten ponnds in money, and thirtie pounds in Lute ſtrings, which when I came to ſell againe, I could get but fiue pounds for them, ſo had I ſir but fifteene pounds for my forty: In conſideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you ſir giue me a month longer.

Vſurer. I anſwered thée afore not a minute, what haue I to do how thy bargain prooued, I haue thy hand ſet to my book, that thou receiuedſt fortie pounds of me in money.

Gent. I ſir it was your deuice that, to colour the Statute, but your conſcience knowes what I had.

Poore. Friend, thou ſpeakeſt hebrew to him, when thou talkeſt to him of conſcience, for he hath as much conſcience about the forfeyt of an Obligation, as my blind Mare God bleſſe her, hath ouer a manger of Oates.

Gent. Then there is no fauour ſir?

Vſurer. Come to morrow to mée, and ſée how I will vſe thée.

Gent. No couetous Caterpiller, know, that I haue made extreame ſhift rather then I would fall into the hands of ſuch a rauening panthar: and therefore here is thy mony and deliuer me the recognizance of my lands.

Vſurer. What a ſpite is this, hath ſped of his Crownes, if he had miſt but one halfe houre, what a goodly Farme had I gotten for fortie pounds, well tis my curſed fortune. Oh haue I no ſhift to make him forfeit his recognizance.

Cent. Come ſir will you diſpatch and tell your mony?

Strikes 4. a clocke.

Vſurer. Stay, what is this a clocke foure, let me ſée, to be paid betwæn the houres of thrée and foure in the afternoone, this goes right for me: you ſir, heare you not the clocke, and haue you not a counterpaine of your Obligation: the houre is paſt, it was to bee paid betwæne thrée and foure, and now the clocke hath ſtroken

foure,

foure, I will receiue none, Ile ſtand to the forfeyt of the recognisance.

Gent. Why ſir, I hope you do but ieſt, why tis but foure, and will you for a minute take forfeyt of my bond? if it were ſo ſir, I was here before foure.

Vſurer. Why didſt thou not tender thy mony then? if I offer thée iniuriet, ake the law of me, complaine to the iudge, I will receiue no mony.

Poore. Well ſir, I hope you will ſtand my good maiſter for my Cow, I borrowed thirtie ſhillings on her, and for that I haue paid you 18. pence a weeke, and for her meate you haue had her milke, and I tell you ſir, ſhe giues a prettie ſoape: now ſir here is your mony.

Vſurer. Hang beggerly knaue, commeſt to me for a Cow, did I not bind her bought and ſold for a peny, and was not thy day to haue paid yeſterday: thou getſt no Cow at my hand.

Poore. No cow ſir, alaſſe that word no cow, goes as cold to my heart, as a draught of ſmall drinke in a froſtie morning. No cow ſir, why alaſſe, alaſſe, M. Vſurer, what ſhal become of me, my wife, and my poore childe?

Vſurer. Thou getſt no cow of me knaue, I cannot ſtand prating with you, I muſt be gone.

Poore. Nay but heare you M. Vſurer, no cow, why ſir heres your thirtie ſhillings, I haue paid you 18. pence a weeke, & therfore there is reaſon I ſhould haue my cow.

Vſurer. What prateſt thou, haue I not anſwered thee thy day is broken?

Poore. Why ſir alaſſe, my Cow is a common-wealth to mée, for firſt ſir, ſhe allowes me, my wife and ſonne, for to banket our ſelues withall, butter, cheeſe, whay, curds, creame, ſod milke, raw-milke, ſower-milke, ſweete-milke, and butter-milk, beſides ſir, ſhe ſaued me euery yeare a peny in almanakes, for ſhee was as good to me as a Prognoſtication, if ſhe had but ſet vp her taile and haue galladt about the meade, my little boy was able to ſay, oh father there will be a ſtorme: her very taile was a Kalender to me, & now to loſe my cow, alas M. Vſurer, take pittie vpon mée.

Vſurer.

Vſurer. I haue other matters to talke on, farewell fellowes.

Gent. Why but thou couetous churle, wilt thou not receiue thy mony and deliuer me my recognisance?

Vſurer. Ile deliuer thee none, if I haue wronged thee, ſeeke thy mends at the law.

Gent. And ſo I will inſatiable peſant.

Poore. And ſir, rather then I will put vp this word no Cow, I will laie my wiues beſt gowne to pawne. I tell you ſir, when the ſlaue vttered this word no Cow, it ſtroke to my heart, for my wife ſhal neuer haue one ſo fit for her turne againe, for indeed ſir, ſhe is a woman that hath her twidling ſtrings braſſe.

Gent. What meanest thou by that fellow?

Poore. Marry ſir, ſirreuerence of your manhod, ſhe breakes winde behinde, and indeed ſir, when ſhee ſat milking of her Cow and let a fart, my other Cowes would ſtart at the noiſe, and kick downe the milke and away: but this Cow, ſir the gentleſt Cow, my wife might blow whilſt ſhe burſt: and hauing ſuch good conditions, ſhall the Vſurer come vpon me with no cow? May ſir, before I pocket vp this word no Cow, my wiues gowne goes to the Lawier, why alaſſe ſir, tis as ill a word to me, as no Crowne to a King.

Gent. Well fellow, go with me, and Ile helpe thee to a Lawyer.

Poore. Marrie and I will ſir: No Cow, well the world goes hard. *Exeunt.*

Oſea.

Oſea. Where hatefull vſurie
Is counted husbandrie,
Where mercileſſe men rob the poore,
And the needie are thruſt out of doore.
Where gaine is held for conſcience,
And mens pleaſures is all on pence,
Where yoong Gentlemen forfeit their lands
Through riot, into [illegible] Vſurers hands:
Where pouerti[illegible] & pittie baniſhed
And mercy in[illegible] vaniſhed.

London and England.

Where men eſteeme more of mony then of God,
Let that land looke to feele his wrathfull rod.
For there is no ſin more odious in his ſight,
Then where vſurie defraudes the poore of his right.
London take heede, theſe ſins abound in thee:
The poore complaine, the widowes wronged bee.
The Gentlemen by ſubtiltie are ſpoilde,
The plough-men looſe the crop for which they toild.
Sin raignes in thee ô London euery houre,
Repent and tempt not thus the heauenly power.

Enters Remilia, with a traine of Ladies in all royaltie.

Remilia. Faire Queene, yet handmaids vnto Raſnes loue,
Tell me, is not my ſtate ſo glorious
As Iunoes pomp, when tyrd with heauens deſpoyle,
Clad in her veſtments, ſpotted all with ſtarres?
She croſt the ſluer path vnto her Ioue,
Is not Remilias far more beautious,
Rich with the pride of natures excellencie?
Then Venus in the brighteſt of her ſhine?
My haires ſurpaſſe they not Apollos locks?
Are not my Treſſes curled with ſuch art,
As loue delights to hide him in their faire?
Doth not mine eye ſhine like the morning lampe,
That tels Aurora when her loue will come?
Haue I not ſtolne the beautie of the heauens,
And placeſt it on the feature of my face?
Can any Goddeſſe make compare with me?
Or match her with the faire Remilia?

Alinda. The beauties that proud Paris ſaw from Troy,
Muſtering in Ida for the golden ball,
Were not ſo gorgious as Remilia.

Remilia. I haue tricht my tramels vp with riches balme,
And made my perfumes of the pureſt Myrre:
The precious drugs that Ægypts wealth affords,

The coſtly painting fetcht fro curious Tyre,
Haue mended in my face what nature miſt.
Am I not the earths wonder in my lokes?
Alui. The wonder of the earth and pride of heauen.
Remilia. Loke Aluida a haire ſtands not amiſſe,
For womens locks are tramels of conceit,
Which do intangle loue for all his wiles.
Alui. Madam, vnleſſe you coy it trick and trim,
And plaie the ciuill wanton ere you yeeld,
Smiting diſdaine of pleaſures with your tongue,
Patting your princely Raſni on the cheeke,
When he preſumes to kiſſe without conſent:
You marre the market, beautie nought auailes.
You muſt be proud, for pleaſures hardly got,
Are ſweete, if once attainde.
Remilia. Faire Aluida,
Thy counſell makes Remilia paſſing wiſe.
Suppoſe that thou weart Raſnes mightineſſe,
And I Remilia Prince of excellence.
Aluida. I would be maiſter then of loue and thee.
Remil. Of loue and me? Proud and diſdainfull king,
Dar'ſt thou preſume to touch a Deitie,
Before the grace thee with a yeelding ſmile?
Aluida. Tut my Remilia, be not thou ſo coy,
Say nay, and take it.
Remilia. Careleſſe and vnkinde,
Talkes Raſni to Remilia in ſuch ſort
As if he did enioy a humane forme?
Loke on thy Loue, behold mine eies diuine,
And dar'ſt thou twit me with a womans fault?
Ah Raſni thou art rath to iudge of me,
I tell thee Flora oft hath wooed my lips,
To lend a roſe to beautifie her ſpring,
The ſea-Nymphs fetch their lillies from my cheekes.
Then thou vnkind, and hereon would I weepe.
Alui. And here would Aluida reſigne her charge,

For

For were I but in thought Th'aſſirian King,
I needs muſt quite thy teares, with kiſſes ſweete,
And crane a pardon with a friendly touch,
You know it Madam though I teach it not,
The touch I meane, you ſmile when as you think it.

Remi. How am I pleaſ'd to hear thy pritty prate,
According to the humor of my minde?
Ah Nymphs, who fairer then Remilia?
The gentle windes haue wonde me with their ſighes,
The frowning aire hath cleerde when I did ſmile,
And when I tract vpon the graſſe,
Loue that makes warme the center of the earth,
Liſt vp his creſt to kiſſe Remilas foote,
Iuno ſtill entertaines her amorous Ioue
With new delights, for feare he looke on me,
The Phœnix feathers are become my Fanne,
For I am beauties Phœnix in this world.
Shut cloſe theſe Curtaines ſtright and ſhadow me,
For feare Apollo ſpie me in his walkes,
And ſcorne all eyes, to ſee Remilias eyes.
Nymphes, Knancks, ſing for Mauors draweth nigh,
Hide me in Cloſure, let him long to looke,
For were a Goddeſſe fairer then am I,
Ile ſcale the heauens to pull her from the place.

They draw the Curtaines, and Muſicke plaies.

Aluida. Beleeue me, tho ſhe ſay that ſhe is faireſt,
I thinke my pennie ſiluer by her leaue.

Enter Raſni with his Lords in pomp, who make a ward about him, with him the Magi in great pomp.

Raſni. Magi for loue of Raſni by our Art,
By Magicke frame an Armour out of hand,
For faire Remilia to diſport her in.
Meane while, I will bethinke me on ſurtly a pomp.

Exit.

The Magi with their rods beate the ground, and from vnder the ſame riſeth a braue Arbour, the King returneth in an other ſute while the Trumpets ſounde.

Raſni. Bleſt be ye man of Art that grace me thus,
And bleſſed be this day where Himen hies,
To ioyne in vnion pride of heauen and earth.
Lightning and thunder wherewith Remelia is ſtrooken.
What wondrous threatning noiſe is this I heare?
What flaſhing lightnings trouble our delights?
When I drawe neare Remilias royall Tent,
I waking, dreame of ſorrow or miſhap.
Rada. Dread not O King, at ordinary chance,
Theſe are but common exalitations,
Drawne from the earth, in ſubſtance hot and drie,
Or moiſt and thicke, or Meteors combuſt,
Matters and cauſes incident to time,
In kindling in the firie region firſt.
Tut, be not now a Romane Angurer,
Approach the Tent, looke on Remelia.
Raſni. Thou haſt confirmd my doubts kinde Radagon.
Now ope ye folds where Queene of fauour ſits
Carrying a Net within her curled locks,
Wherein the Graces are intangled oft:
Ope like th'imperiall gates where Phœbus ſits,
When as he meanes to woe his Clitia.
Necternall cares, ye blemiſhers of bliſſe,
Cloud not mine eyes whilſt I behold her face,
Remilia my delight, ſhe anſwereth not.
He drawes the Curtaines and findes her ſtrooken with Thunder, blacke.
How pale? as if bereau'd in fatall mœdes,
The balmy breath hath left her boſome quite.

My Heſperus by cloudie death is bent,
Villaines away, fetch Sirrops of the Inde,
Fetch Balſomo the kind preſerue of life,
Fetch wines of Greece, fetch oiles, fetch herbes, fetch all
To fetch her life, or I will faint and die.
They bring in all theſe and offer, nought preuailes.
Herbes, Oyles of Inde, alaſſe there nought preuailes.
Shut are the day-bright eyes, that made me ſee,
Lockt are the Iems of ioy in dens of death,
Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her.
Malicious miſtreſſe of inconſtancie,
Damd be thy name, that hath obſcurd my ioy,
Kings, Viceroy, Princes, reare a royall tombe
For my Remelia, beare her from my ſight,
Whilſt I in teares, weepe for Remilia.
They beare her out.
Rada. What maketh Raſni mooue? Loſſe of one?
As if no more were left ſo faire as ſhe?
Behold a daintie minion for the nonce,
Faire Aluida the Paphlagonian Queene,
Woe her, and leaue this weeping for the dead.
Raſ. What woe my ſubiects wife that honoureth me?
Rada. Tut, kings this meum tuum ſhould not know.
Is ſhe not faire? Is not her huſband hence?
Hold, take her at the hands of Radagon.
A pretie peate to driue your mourne away.
Raſni. She ſmiles on me, I ſee ſhe is mine owne.
Wilt thou be Raſnes royall Paramour?
Rad. She bluſhing yelds conſent, make no diſpute?
The king is ſad, and muſt be gladded straight.
Let Paphlagonian king go mourne meane-while.
He thruſt the King out, and ſo they *Exeunt*.
Oſeas. Pride hath his iudgement, London looke about,
Tis not inough in ſhew to be deuout:
A furie now from heauen to lands vnknowne,
Hath made the Prophet ſpeake, not to his owne,

A looking Glaſſe, for

Flie wanton ſlie, this pride and vaine attire,
The ſeales to ſet your tender hearts on fire.
Be faithfull in the promiſe you haue paſt,
Elſe God wil plague and puniſh at the laſt.
When luſt is hid in ſhroude of wretched life,
When craft doth dwell in bed of married wife.
Marke but the Prophets, we that ſhortly ſhewes,
After death expect for many woes.

Enters the poore man and the Gntleman, with their Lawier.

Gent. I need not ſir diſcourſe vnto you, the dutie of Lawyers in tendering the right cauſe of their Clients, nor the conſcience you are tied vnto by higher command. Therefore ſuffice the Vſurer hath done me wrong, you know the caſe: and good ſir, I haue ſtrained my ſelfe to giue you your fees.

Lawier. Sir if I ſhould any way neglect ſo manifeſt a truth, I were to be accuſed of open periury, for the caſe is euident.

Poore. And truly ſir, for my caſe, if you helpe me not for my matter, why ſir, I and my wife are quite vndone, I want my meaſe of milke when I go to any worke, and my boy his bread and butter when he goes to ſchoole. M. Lawier pitie me, for ſurely ſir, I was faine to lay my wiues beſt gowne to pawne for your fees, when I wot vpon it ſir, and ſaw how handſomely it was dawbed with ſtatute lace, and what a faire motkado Cape it had, and then thought how handſomely it became my wife, truly ſir my heart is made of butter, it melts at the leaſt perſecution, I fell on weeping, but when I thought on the words the Vſurer gaue me, no Cow: then ſir, I would haue ſtript her into her ſmocke, but I would make him deliuer my Cow ere I had done, there was good M. Lawier ſtand my friend.

Lawier. Truſt me father, I will do for thee as much as for my ſelfe.

Poore. Are you married ſir?

Lawier. I marry am I father.

Poore. Then gods Benſon light on you & your good wife, and

and ſend her that ſhe be neuer troubled with my wiues diſeaſe.

Lawier. Why whats thy wiues diſeaſe?

Poore. Truſie ſir, ſhe hath two open faults, and one priuie fault, ſir the firſt is, ſhe is too eloquēt for a poore man, and hath he words of Art, for ſhe will call me Raſcall, Rogue, Runnagate, Varlet, Vagabound, Slaue, and Knaue. Why alaſſe ſir, theſe be but holi-day tearmes, but if you heard her working-day words, in faith ſir, they be ratlers like thunder ſir, for after the dewe followes a ſtorme, for then am I ſure either to bee well buffetted, my face ſcratcht, or my head broken, and therefore good M. Lawyer, on my knees I aſke it, let me not go home again to my wife, with this word, No Cow: for then ſhee will exerciſe her two faults vpon me with all extremitie.

Lawier. Feare not man, but what is thy wiues priuy fault?

Poore. Truly ſir, thats a thing of nothing, alaſſe ſhe inuade ſtreuerence of your maiſterſhip, doth vſe to breake winde in her ſleepe. Oh ſir, here comes the iudge, and the old Catife the Vſurer

Enters the Iudge, the Vſurer, and his attendants.

Vſurer. Sir here is fortie Angels for you, and if at any time you want a hundreth pound or two, tis readie at your commaund, or the feeding of three or foure fat bullocks: whereas theſe needie ſlaues can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee, therefore I pray you ſir fauour my caſe.

Iudge. Feare not ſir, Ile do what I can for you.

Vſurer. What maiſter Lawier, what make you here, mine aduerſary for theſe Clients?

Lawier. So it chanceth now ſir.

Vſurer. I know you know the old Prouerbe, He *is* not wiſe, that is not wiſe for himſelfe. I would not be diſgraſt in this action, therefore here is twentie angels ſay nothing in the matter, and what you ſay, ſay to no purpoſe, for the Iudge is my friend.

Lawier. Let me alone, Ile fit your purpoſe.

Iudge. Come, where are theſe fellowes that are the plaintifes, what can they ſay againſt this honeſt Citizen our neighbour, a man of good report amongſt all men?

Poore.

Poore. Trulie M. Iudge, he is a man much ſpoken off, marry euery mans cries are againſt him, and eſpecially we, and therefore I thinke we haue brought our Lawier to touch him with as much law as will fetch his lands and my Cowe, with a peſtilence.

Gent. Sir, I am the other plaintife, and this is my councellour, I beſeech your honour be fauourable to me in equitie.

Iudge. Oh Signor Mizaldo, what can you ſay in this Gentlemans behalfe?

Lawier. Faith ſir as yet little good, ſir tell you your owne caſe to the iudge, for I haue ſo many matters in my head, that I haue almoſt forgotten it.

Gent. Is the winde in that doore? why then my Lord thus: I tooke vp of this curſed Vſurer, for ſo I may well tearme him, a commoditie of fortie poundes, whereof I receiued ten pound in mony, and thirtie pound in lute-ſtrings, whereof I could by great friendſhip make but fiue pounds: for the aſſurance of this badde commodity, I bound him my land in recognizance, I came at my day and tendred him his mony and he would not take it, for the redreſſe of my open wrong, I craue but iuſtice.

Iudge. What ſay you to this ſir?

Vſurer. That firſt, he had no Lute-ſtrings of me, for looke you ſir, I haue his owne hand to my booke for ỳ receit of fortie pound.

Gent. That was ſir, but a deuiſe of him to colour the Statute.

Iudge. Well he hath thine owne hand, and we can craue no more in law: but now ſir, he ſaies his mony was tendred at the day and houre.

Vſurer. This is manifeſt contrary ſir, and on that I will depoſe, for here is the obligation, to be paid betweẽ three and foure in the after noone, and the Clocke ſtroke foure before he offered it, and the words be betweene three and foure, therefore to be tendred before foure.

Gent. Sir, I was there before foure, & he held me with brabling till the Clocke ſtroke, and then for the breach of a minute he refuſed my money, and keepe the recognizance of my land for ſo

ſmall

ſmall a trifle: Good Signor Mizaldo ſpeak what is law, you haue your fee, you haue heard what the caſe is, and therefore do me iuſtice and right: I am a yong Gentleman, and ſpeake for my patrimony.

Lawier. Faith ſir, the Caſe is altered, you told me it before in an other maner, the law goes quite againſt you, and therfore you muſt plead to the iudge for fauour.

Gent. O execrable briberye.

Poore. Faith ſir Iudge, I pray you let me be the Gentlemans Counſellour, for I can ſay thus much in his defence, that the Vſurers Clocke is the ſwifteſt Clocke in all the Towne, tis ſir like a womans tongue, it goes euer halfe an houre before the time: for when we were gone from him, other Clocks in the Towne ſtroke foure.

Iudge. Hold thy prating fellow, and you yong gentleman, this is my ward, loke better an other time both to your bargains and to the paiments, for I muſt giue flat ſentence againſt you: that for default of tendering the mony betweene the houres, you haue forfeited your recogniſance, and he to haue the land.

Gent. O inſpeakeable iniuſtice.

Poore. O monſtrous, miſerable, moth-eaten Iudge.

Iudge. Now you fellow, what haue you to ſay for your matter?

Poore. Maiſter Lawier, I laide my wiues gowne to pawne for your fees, I pray you to this geere.

Lawier. Hialfe peace man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore I pray thee tell it thy ſelfe.

Poore. I hold my Cap to a noble, that the Vſurer hath giuen him ſome gold, and he chewing it in his mouth, hath got ỹ toth-ache that he cannot ſpeake.

Iudge. Well ſirrha, I muſt be ſhort, and therefore ſay on.

Poore. O, maiſter Iudge, I borrowed of this man thirtie ſhillings for which, I left him in pawne my good Cow, the bargaine was, he ſhould haue eighteen pence a weeke, and the Cowes milk for vſurie: Now ſir, aſſone as I had gotten the mony, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refuſed his mony, and

keepes my Cowe ſir.

Iudge. Why thou haſt giuen ſentence againſt thy ſelfe, for in breaking thy day, thou haſt loſt thy Cowe.

Poore. Maiſter Lawier, now for my ten ſhillings.

Lawier. Faith poore man, thy Caſe is ſo bad, I ſhall but ſpeake againſt thee.

Poore. Were good then I ſhuld haue my ten ſhillings again.

Lawier. This my fee fellow for comming, wouldſt thou haue me come for nothing?

Poore. Why then am I like to goe home, not onely with no Cowe, but no gowne: this geare goes hard.

Iudge. Well you haue heard what fauour I can ſhew you, I muſt do iuſtice, come M. Mizaldo, and you ſir, go home with me to dinner.

Poore. Why but M. Iudge, no cow, & M. Lawier no gowne, Then muſt I cleane run out of the Towne.
How chéere you gentleman, you crie no lands ſo, the Iudge hath made you a knight for a gentleman, hath dubd you ſir John lackland.

Gent. O miſerable time wherein gold is aboue God.

Poore. Feare not man, I haue yet a fetch to get thy lands and my cow againe, for I haue a ſonne in the Court, that is eyther a King or a Kings fellow, and to him will I go and complain on the Iudge and the Vſurer both.

Gent. And I will go with thee and intreat him for my Caſe.

Poore. But how ſhall I go home to my wife, when I ſhall haue nothing to ſay vnto her, but no Cow. Alaſſe ſir, my wiues faults will fall vpon me.

Gent. Feare not, lets go, Ile quiet her ſhalt ſee.

Exeunt.

Oſeas. Flie Iudges flie, corruption in your Court,
The Iudge of truth, hath made your iudgement ſhort.
Looke ſo to iudge, that at the latter day,
Ye be not iudg'd with thoſe that wend aſtray.
Who pafleth iudgement for his priuate gaine,
He well may iudge, he is adiudg'd to paine.

Enter,

Enters the Clowne and all his crew drunke.

Clowne. Farewell gentle Tapſter, maiſters, as good ale as euer was tapt, looke to your feete, for the ale is ſtrong: well farewell gentle Tapſter.

1. Ruffian. Why ſirra ſlaue, by heauens maker, thinkeſt thou the wench loues thee beſt, becauſe ſhe laught on thee, giue me but ſuch an other word, and I will throw the pot at thy head.

Clowne. Spill no drinke, ſpill no drinke, the Ale is good, Ile tell you what, ale is ale, and ſo Ile commend me to you with hartie commendations: farewell gentle Tapſter.

2. Why wherfore peſant ſcornſt thou that the wench ſhould loue me, looke but on her, and ile thruſt my dagger in thy boſome

1. Ruffian. Well ſirra well, thart as thart, and ſo ile take (thee.

2. Why what am I?

1. Why what thou wilt, a ſlaue.

2. Then take that villaine, and learne how to vſe me another time.

1. Oh I am ſlaine.

2. Thats al one to me, I care not, now wil I in to my wench and call for a freſh pot.

Clowne. Nay but heare ye, take me with ye, for the ale is ale, cut a freſh toaſt Tapſter, fil me a pot here is mony, I am no beggar, Ile follow thee as long as the ale laſts: a peſtilence on the blocks for me, for I might haue had a fall: well if we ſhal haue no Ale ile ſit me downe, and ſo farewell gentle Tapſter.

Here he fals ouer the dead man.

Enters the King, Alaida, the King of Cilicia, and of Paphlagonia, with other attendant.

Raſni. What ſlaughtred wretch lies bleeding here his laſt?
So neare the royall pallace of the King,
Search out if any one be biding nie,
That can diſcourſe the manner of his death,
Seate thee faire Alaida, the faire of faires,
Let not the otrict once offend thine eyes,

L. Heres one ſits here a ſleepe my Lord.

Raſni. Wake him, and make enquirie of this thing.

Lord. Sirrha you, heareſt thou fellow?

Clowne. If you will fill a freſh pot, heres a penny, or elſe farewell gentle Tapſter.

Lord. He is drunke my Lord.

Raſni. Wele ſport with him, that Aluida may laugh.

L. Sirrha thou fellow, thou muſt come to the King.

Clowne. I will not do a ſtroake of worke to day, for the ale is good ale, and you can aſke but a peny for a pot, no more by the ſtatute.

L. Villaine, heres the King, thou muſt come to him.

Clowne. The King come to an Ale-houſe? Tapſter, fil me three pots, wheres the King, is this he? Giue me your hand ſir, as good Ale as euer was tapt, you ſhall drinke while your ſkin cracke.

Raſni. But heareſt thou fellow, who kild this man?

Clowne. Ile tell you ſir, if you did taſte of the Ale, all Niniuie hath not ſuch a cup of Ale, it floures in the cup ſir, by my troth I ſpent eleuen pence beſide three raſes of ginger.

Raſni. Anſwer me knaue to my queſtion, how came this man ſlaine?

Clowne. Slain, why ale is ſtrong ale, tis hufcap, I warrant you twill make a man well. Tapſter ho, for the King a cup of ale and a freſh Toaſt, heres two raſes more.

Aluida. Why good fellow the King talkes not of drinke, he would haue thee tell him how this man came dead.

Clowne. Dead nay, I thinke I am aliue yet, and will drinke a full pot ere night, but here ye, if ye be the wench that fild vs drink, why ſo: do your office, and giue vs a freſh pot, or if you be the tapſters wife, why ſo, waſh the glaſſe cleane.

Aluida. Hee is ſo drunke my Lord, there is no talking with him.

Clowne. Drunke, nay then wench I am not drunke, thart a ſhitten queane, to call me drunke, I tell thee I am not drunke, I am a ſmith.

Enters the Smith, the Clownes maiſter.

Lord. Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

Smith. God ſaue you maiſter.

Raſni.

Raſni. Smith canſt thou tell me how this man came dead?

Smith. May it pleaſe your highneſſe, my man here and a crue of them went to the ale-houſe, and came out ſo drunke, that one of them kild another: and now ſir, I am faine to leaue my ſhop, and come to fetch him home.

Raſni. Some of you carrie away the dead body, drunken men muſt haue their fits, and ſirrha Smith, hence with thy man.

Smith. Sirrha you, riſe come go wth me.

Clowne. If we ſhall haue a pot of Ale, lets haue it, heres mony: hold Tapſter take my purſe.

Smith. Come then with me, the pot ſtands full in the houſe.

Clowne. I am for you, lets go, thart an honeſt Tapſter, weele drinke ſix pots ere we part.

Exeunt.

Raſni. Beautious, more bright then beautie in mine eyes,
Tell me faire ſweeting, wants thou any thing?
Conteind within the threefold circle of the world,
That may make Aluida liue full content.

Aluida. Nothing my Lord, for all my thoughts are pleaſde,
When as mine eye ſurfets with Raſnes ſight.

Enters the King of Paphlagonia, male-content.

Raſni. Looke how thy husband haunts our royall Courts,
How ſtill his ſight breeds melancholy stormes,
Oh Aluida, I am paſſing paſſionate,
And vext with wrath and anger to the death:
Mars when he held faire Venus on his knee,
And ſaw the limping Smith come from his forge,
Had not more deeper ſorrowes in his brow,
Then Raſni hath to ſee this Paphlagon.

Alui. Content this ſweet, ile ſalue thy ſorrow straight,
Reſt but the eaſe of all thy thoughts on me,
And if I make not Raſni blyth againe,
Then ſay that womens fancies haue no ſhifts.

Paphla. Shamſt thou not Raſni though thou beeſt a King,
To ſhroude adultry in thy royall ſeate,
Art thou arch-ruler of great Niniuie,

Who ſhouldſt excell in vertue as in ſtate,
And wrongſt thy friend by keeping backe his wife,
Haue I not buttaild in thy troups full oft,
Gainſt Ægypt, Iury, and proud Babylon,
Spending my bloud to purchaſe thy renowme,
And is the guerdon of my chimatrie,
Ended with his abuſing of my wife?
Reſtore her me, or I will from thy Courts,
And make diſcourſe of thy adulterous deeds.

Raſ. Why take her Paphlagon, reclaime not man,
For I do priſe mine honour more then loue.
Faire Aluida go with thy husband home.

Alui. How dare I go, sham'd with ſo deepe miſdeed,
Reuenge will broile within my husbands breſt,
And when he hath me in the Court at home,
Then Aluida ſhall feele reuenge for all.

Raſni. What ſaiſt thou King of Paphlagon to this?
Thou heareſt the doubt thy wife doth ſtand vpon,
If ſhe haue done amiſſe it is my fault,
I priuie parton and forget all.

Paphla. If that I meant not Raſni to forgiue,
And quite forget the follies that are paſt,
I would not vouchſafe her preſence in my Courts,
But ſhe ſhall be my Queene, my loue, my life,
And Aluida vnto her Paphlagon
And loued, and more beloued then before.

Raſni. What ſayſt thou Aluida to this?

Alui. That will he ſweare it to my Lord the king,
And in a full carouſe of Grekiſh wine,
Drinke downe the malice of his deepe reuenge,
I will go home and loue him new againe.

Raſni. What anſwers Paphlagon?

Paphla. That what ſhe hath requeſted I will do.

Alui. Go Damoſell fetch me that ſweet wine,
That ſtands within thy Cloſet on the ſhelfe,
Powre it into a ſtanding bowle of gold,

But

But on thy life taſte not before the king.
Make haſt, why is great Raſni melancholy thus?
If promiſe be not kept, hate all for me.
Here is the wine my Lord, firſt make him ſweare.
Paphla. By Niniues great gods, and Niniues great king.
My thoughts ſhall neuer be to wrong my wife,
And thereon heres a full carowſe to her.
Alui. And thereon Raſni heres a kiſſe for thée,
Now maiſt thou freely ſolu thine Aluida.
Paphla. Oh I am dead, obſtructions of my breath,
The poiſon is of wondrous ſharpe effect,
Curſed be all adultrous queenes ſay I,
And curſing ſo, poore Paphlagon doth die.
Alui. Now haue I not ſaued the ſorrows of my lord?
Haue I not rid arriuall of thy loues,
What ſaiſt thou Raſni to thy Paramour?
Raſni. That for this deed ile deck my Aluida,
In Sendall and in coſtly Sullapine;
Bordred with Pearle and India Diamond,
Ile cauſe great Eol perfume all his windes,
With richeſt myrre and curious Amber greece,
Come louely minion, paragon for faire,
Come follow me ſweet goddeſſe of mine eye,
And taſte the pleaſures Raſni will prouide. Exeunt.
Oſea. Where whordome raines, there murther follows faſt,
As falling leaues before the winter blaſt,
A wicked life, trainde vp in endleſſe crime,
Hath no reward vnto the latter time.
When Letchers ſhall be puniſht for their luſt,
When Princes plagued, becauſe they are vniuſt
Foreſee in time, the warning bell doth towle,
Subdue the fleſh, by praier to ſaue the ſoule.
London behold the cauſe of others wreacke,
And ſet the ſword of iuſtice at thy backe.
Deferre not off, to morrow is too late,
By night he comes perhaps to iudge thy ſtate.

Enter

A looking Glaſſe, for

Enter Ionas Solus.

Ionas. From forth the depth of my impriſoned ſoule,
Steale you my ſighes, teſtifie my paine,
Conuey on wings of mine immortall tone,
My zealous praiers, vnto the ſtarrie throne:
Ah mercifull and iuſt, thou dreadfull God,
Where is thine arme to lay reuengefull ſtroakes
Vpon the heads of our rebellious race?
Loe Iſraell once that flouriſht like the vine,
Is barraine laide, the beautifull increaſe
Is wholely blent, and irreligious zeale
Incampeth there where vertue was inthroan'd,
Ah-laſſe the while, the widow wants reliefe,
The fatherleſſe is wronged by naked need,
Deuotion ſlæpes in cinders of contempt,
Hypocriſie infects the holy Prieſt.
Aye me for this, woe me for theſe miſdéeds,
Alone I walke to thinke vpon the world,
And ſigh to ſee thy Prophets ſo contemn'd:
Ah-laſſe contemn'd by curſed Iſraell.
Yet Ionas reſt content, tis Iſraels ſinne
That cauſeth this, then muſe no more thereon,
But pray amends, and mend thy owne amiſſe.

An Angell appeareth to Ionas.

Angel. Amithais ſonne, I charge thee muſe no more,
(I am) hath power to pardon and correct,
To thee pertains to do the Lords command.
Go girt thy loines, and haſt thee quickly hence,
To Niniuie, that mightie Citie wend,
And ſay this meſſage from the Lord of hoaſts,
Preach vnto them theſe tidings from thy God.
Behold thy wickednеſſe hath tempted me,
And pierced through the ninefold orbes of heauen:
Repent, or elſe thy iudgement is at hand.

The

This ſaid, the Angell vaniſheth.

Ionas. Proſtrate I lye before the Lord of hoſtes,
With humble eares intending his beheſt,
Ah honoured be Iehouahs great command,
Then Ionas muſt to Niniuie repaire,
Commanded as the Prophet of the Lord,
Great dangers on this iourney to awaight,
But dangers none where heauens direct the courſe,
What ſhould I deeme, I ſee, yea ſighing ſee,
How Iſraell ſinne, yet knowes the way of truth,
And thereby growes the the by-word of the world,
How then ſhould God in iudgement be ſo ſtricke?
Gainſt thoſe who neuer heard or knew his power,
To threaten vtter ruine of them all:
Should I repoꝛt this iudgement of my God,
I ſhould incite them moꝛe to follow ſinne,
And publiſh to the woꝛld my countries bleme,
It may not beꝛ, my conſcience tels me no.
Ah Ionas wilt thou pꝛoue rebellious then?
Conſider ere thou fall, what errour is,
My minde miſgiues, to Ioppa will I flée,
And foꝛ a while to Tharſus ſhape my courſe,
Vntill the Lord vnfret his angry bꝛowes.

Enter certaine merchants of Tharſus, a Maiſter, and ſome Sailers

M. Come on bꝛaue merchants, now the wind doth ſerue,
And ſweetly blowes a gale at Weſt, Southweſt.
Our yards a croſſe, our anchoꝛs on the pike,
What ſhall we hence and take this merry gale?

Mer. Sailers conuey our budgets ſtrait aboꝛd,
And we will recompence your paines at laſt,
If once in ſafetie we may Tharſus ſée,
M. Wele feaſt theſe merry mates and thée.

M. Mean-while content your ſelues with ſilly cates,
Our beds are boꝛdes, our feaſts are full of mirth.

We vſe no pompe, we are the Lords of ſée,
When Princes ſwet in care, we ſwincke of glée.
Orions ſhoulders and the pointers ſerue,
To be our Load-ſtars in the lingring night,
The beauties of Arcturus we beholo,
And though the Sailer is no booke-man held,
Yet knowes more Art then euer booke-men read.
Sailer. By heauens well ſaid, in honor of our trade,
Lets ſée the proudeſt ſcholler ſtir his courſe
Or ſhift his tides as Silly ſailers do.
Then will we yéld them praiſe, elſe neuer none.
Mer. Well ſpoken fellow in thine owne behalfe,
But let vs hence, wind tarries none you wot,
And tide and time let ſlip is hardly got.
M. March to the Hauen marchants, I follow you.
Ionas. Now doth occaſion further my deſires,
I ſpide companions fit to aid my flight,
Staie ſir I pray, and heare a word or two.
M. Say on good freend, but briefly if you pleaſe,
My paſſengers by this time are aboord.
Ionas. Whither pretend you to imbarke your ſelues?
M. To Tharſus ſir, and here in Ioppa hauen
Our ſhip is preſt and readie to depart.
Ionas. May I haue paſſage for my mony then?
M. What not for mony? pay ten ſiluerlings,
You are a welcome gueſt if ſo you pleaſe.
Ionas. Hold take thine hire, I follow thée my friend.
M. Where is your budget let me bare it ſir.
Ionas. No one in peace, who ſaile as I do now,
But truſt in him, who ſuccoureth euery want.

Exeunt.

Oſe. When Prophets new inſpird, preſume to force
And tie the power of heauen to their conceits,
When feare, promotion, pride, or ſimony,
Ambition, ſubtill craft, their thoughts diſguiſe,
Woe to the flocke whereas the ſhepheards fold,

For lo the Lord at vnawares ſhall plague
The careleſſe guide, becauſe his flocks do ſtray:
The axe already to the tree is ſet,
Beware to tempt the Lord ye men of art.

Enters Alcon, Thraſibulus, Samia,
Cleſiphon a lad.

Cleſi. Mother, ſome meat or elſe I die for want.

Samia. Ah little boy how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants, but naked need denies:
Thy fathers ſlender portion in this world,
By vſury and falſe deceit is loſt,
No charitie within this Citie bides:
All for themſelues, and none to helpe the poore.

Cleſi. Father, ſhall Cleſiphon haue no reliefe?

Alcon. Faith my boy, I muſt be flat with thee, we muſt feed vpon prouerbes now. As neceſſitie hath no law, a churles feaſt is better then none at all: for other remedies haue we none, except thy brother Radagon helpe vs.

Samia. Is this thy ſlender care to helpe our childe?
Hath nature armde thee to no more remorſe?
Ah cruell man vnkinde and pittileſſe:
Come Cleſiphon my boy, ile beg for thee.

Cleſi. Oh how my mothers mourning moueth me.

Alcon. Nay you ſhal pay me intereſt for getting the boy (wife) before you carrie him hence. Ah laſſe woman what can Alcon do more? Ile pluck the belly out of my heart for thee ſweet Samia, be not ſo waſpiſh.

Samia. Ah ſilly man, I know thy want is great,
And foliſhly I do craue where nothing is.
Haſte Alcon haſte, make haſte vnto our ſonne,
Who ſince he is in fauour of the King,
May helpe this hapleſſe Gentleman and vs.
For to regaine our goods from tyrants hands.

Thra. Haue patience Samia, waight your weale from heauen,
The Gods haue raiſd your ſonne I hope for this,

To ſuccour innocents in their diſtreſſe.

Enters Radagon, Solus.

Lo where he comes from the imperiall Court,
Go, lets proſtrate vs before his feete.

Alcon. Nay by my troth, ile neuer aſke my ſonne bleſſing, che trow, cha taught him his leſſon to know his father, what ſonne Radagon,, yfaith boy how doeſt thee?

Rada. Villaine diſturbe me not, I cannot ſtay.

Alcon. But ſonne ile helpe you of that diſeaſe quickly, for I can hold thee, aſk thy mother knaue, what cunning I haue to eaſe a woman, when a qualme of kindneſſe come too neare her ſtomacke? Let me but claſpe mine armes about her body and laie my prayers in her boſome, and ſhe ſhall be healed preſently.

Rada. Traitor vnto my Princely Maieſtie,
How dar'ſt thou lay thy hands vpon a king?

Samia. No Traitor Radagon, but true is he,
What hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,
To ſcorne thy father when he viſits thee?
Ah laſſe my ſonne behold with ruthfull eyes,
Thy parents robd of all their worldly weale,
By ſubtile meanes of Vſurie and guile,
The Iudges eares are deaffe and ſhut vp cloſe,
All mercie ſlæpes, then be thou in theſe plunges,
A patron to thy mother to her paines,
Behold thy brother almoſt dead for ſoare,
Oh ſuccour vs, that firſt did ſuccour thee.

Rada. What ſuccour me, fall callet hence auant:
Old dotard pack, moue not my patience,
I know you not, Kings neuer looke ſo low.

Samia. You know vs not, Oh Rada you know,
That knowing vs, you know your parents then,
Thou knowſt this wombe firſt brought thee forth to light,
I know theſe paps did foſter thee my ſonne.

Alcon. And I know he hath had many a piece of bread & cheeſe at my hands, as proud as he is, that know I.

Thracib. I waight no hope of ſuccours in this place,

Where children hold their fathers in diſgrace.
Rada. Dare you enforce the furrowes of reuenge,
Within the bowes of royall Radagon?
Villaine auant, hence beggers with your brats,
Marſhall, why whip ye you not theſe rogues away?
That thus diſturbe our royall Maieſtie.
Cleſiphon. Mother I ſée it is a wondrous thing,
From baſe eſtate for to become a King:
For why me think my brother in theſe fits,
Hath got a kingdome, and hath loſt his wits.
Rada. Yet more contempt before my roialtie?
Slaues fetch out tortures worſe then Titius plagues,
And teare their tongs from their blaſphemous heads.
Thraſi. Ile get me gone, tho woe begon with griefe,
No hope remaines, come Alcon let vs wend.
Ra. Diuer beſt you did, for feare you catch your bane.
Samia. Nay Traitor, I will haunt thée to the death,
Ungratious ſonne, vntoward and peruerſe,
Ile fill the heauens with ecchoes of thy pride,
And ring in euery eare thy ſmall regard,
That doeſt deſpiſe thy parents in their wants,
And breathing forth my ſoule before thy feete,
My curſes ſtill ſhall haunt thy hatefull head,
And being dead, my ghoſt ſhall thée purſue.

Enter Raſni King of Aſſiria, attended on by his ſooth-ſayers and Kings.

Raſni. How now, what meane theſe outcries in our Court?
Where nought ſhould ſound, but harmonies of heauen,
What maketh Radagon ſo paſſionate?
Samia. Juſtice, O King, iuſtice againſt my ſonne.
Raſni. Thy ſonne: what ſonne?
Samia. This curſed Radagon.
Rada. Dread Monarch, this is but a lunacie,
Which griefe and want hath brought the woman to,
What doth this paſſion hold you euery Mone?

Samia. Oh polliticke in ſinne and wickednesse,
To impudent for to delude thy Prince.
Oh Raſni, this ſame wombe brought him forth,
This is his father, worne with care and age,
This is his brother, poore vnhappie lad,
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him,
With tedious toyle we got our little god,
And brought him vp to ſchoole with mickle charge:
Lord how we ioy'd to ſee his towardnesse,
And to our ſelues, we oft in ſilence ſaid,
This youth when we are old may ſuccour vs.
But now preferd and lifted vp by thee,
We quite deſtroyed by curſed vſurie,
He ſcorneth me, his father, and this childe.

Cleſi. He plaies the Serpent right, deſcrib'd in Æſopes tale,
That ſoughtt the fosters death, that lately gaue him life.

Alcon. May and pleaſe your maieſti-ſhip, for proofe he was my childe, ſearch the parish booke: the Clarke will ſweare it, his godfathers and godmothers can witneſſe it, it coſt me fortie pence in ale and cakes on the wiues at his chriſtning. Hence proud King, thou ſhalt neuer more haue my bleſſing.

He takes him apart.

Raſni. Say ſoth in ſecret Radagon,
Is this thy father?

Rada. Mightie King he is,
I bluſhing, tell it to your Maieſtie.

Raſ. Why doſt thou then contemne him and his friends?

Rada. Because he is a baſe and abiect ſwaine,
My mother and her brat both beggarly,
Vnmeete to be allied vnto a King,
Should I that looke on Raſnes countenance,
And march amidſt his royall equipage,
Embaſe my ſelfe to ſpeake to ſuch as they?
Were impious ſo to impaire the loue
That mightie Raſni beares to Radagon.
I would your grace would quit them from your ſight,

That

That dare preſume to loke on Ioues compare.
Raſni. I like thy pride, I praiſe thy pollicie,
Such ſhould they be that wait vpon my Court.
Let me alone to anſwere (Radagon.)
Villaine ſeditious traitors as you be,
That ſcandalize the honour of a King,
Depart my Court, you ſtales of impudence,
Vnleſſe you would be parted from your limmes,
So baſe for to intitle father-hood,
To Raſnes freend, to Raſnes fauourite?
Rada. Hence begging ſcold, hence catiue clogd with yeares,
On paine of death reuiſit not the Court.
Was I conceiu'd by ſuch a ſenuie trull,
Or brought to light by ſuch a lump of dirt:
Go Loſſell trot it to the cart and ſpade,
Thou art vnmeete to loke vpon a King,
Much leſſe to be the father of a King.
Alcon. You may ſee wife, what a goodly peece of worke you haue made, haue I tought you *Arſmetry*, as *additioni multiplicarum*, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be baniſhed for my labour. O pittiful hearing. Come Cleſiphon follow me.
Cleſi. Brother beware, I oft haue heard it told,
That ſonnes who do their fathers ſcorne, ſhall beg when they be old.
Exit Alcon, Cleſiphon.
Radagon. Hence baſtard boy for feare you taſte the whip.
Samia. Oh all you heauens, and you eternall powers,
That ſway the ſword of iuſtice in your hands,
(If mothers curſes of her ſonnes contempt,
May fill the ballance of your furie full)
Powre downe the tempeſt of your direfull plagues,
Vpon the head of curſed Radagon.

Vpon this praier ſhe departeth, and a flame of fire appeareth from beneath, and Radagon is ſwallowed.

So you are iuſt, now triumph Samia. *Exi.* Samia.
Raſni.

A looking Glaſſe, for

Raſni. What exporciſing charme, or hatefull hag,
Hath raviſhed the pride of my delight?
What torturous planets, or malevolent
Conſpiring power, repining deſtenie
Hath made the concaue of the earth vnclole,
And ſhut in ruptures louely Radagon?
If I be Lord-commander of the cloudes,
King of the earth, and Soueraigne of the ſeas,
What daring Saturne from his fierie denne,
Doth dart theſe furious flames amidſt my Court?
I am not chiefe, there is more great then I,
What greater then Th'aſſirian Satrapos?
It may not be, and yet I feare there is,
That hath bereft me of my Radagon. (uinces,
Soothſaier. Monarch and Potentate of all our Pro-
Muſe not ſo much vpon this accident,
Which is indeed nothing miraculous,
The hill of Scicely, dread Soueraigne,
Sometime on ſodaine, doth euacuate,
Whole flakes of fire, and ſpues out from below
The ſmoakie brands that Vulcus bellowes driue,
Whether by windes incloſed in the earth,
Or fracture of the earth by riuers force,
Such chances as was this, are often ſeene,
Whole cities ſuncke, whole countries drowned quite,
Then muſe not at the loſſe of Radagon.
But frolicke with the dalliance of your loue.
Let cloathes of purple ſet with ſtuddes of gold,
Embelliſhed with all the pride of earth,
Be-ſpred for Alnida to ſit vpon.
Then thou like Mars courting the Queene of loue,
Paſſe driue away this melancholy fit.
Raſni. The proofe is good, and philoſophicall,
And more, thy counſaile plauſible and ſweete.
Come Lords, though Raſni wants his Radagon.
Earth will repaie him many Radagons,

And

And Aluida with pleaſant lokes reuiue,
The heart that droupes for want of Radagon.
Exeunt.

Oſea. When diſobedience raigneth in the childe,
And Princes eares by flattery be beguilde.
When lawes do paſſe by fauour, not by truth,
When falſhood ſwarmeth both in old and youth.
When gold is made a god to wrong the poore,
And charitie exilde from rich mens doore.
When men by wit, do labour to diſproue,
The plagues for ſinne, ſent downe by God aboue.
Where great mens eares are ſtopt to good aduice,
And apt to heare thoſe tales that feed their vice.
Woe to the land, for from the Eaſt ſhall riſe,
A lambe of peace, the ſcourge of vanities.
The iudge of truth, the patron of the iuſt,
Who ſoone will lay preſumption in the duſt.
And giue the humble poore their hearts deſire
And doome the worldlings to eternall fire.
Repent all you that heare, for feare of plagues,
O London, this and more doth ſwarme in thee,
Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth ſee.
With tremblnig pray, and mend what is amiſſe,
The ſword of iuſtice drawne alreadie is.

Enter the Clowne and the Smiths wife.

Clowne. Why but heare you miſtreſſe, you know a womans eies are like a paire of pattens, fit to ſaue the leather in ſummer, and to keepe away the cold in winter, ſo you may like your husband with the one eye, becauſe you are married, and me with the other, becauſe I am your man. Alaſſe, alaſſe, think miſtreſſe what a flying loue is, why it is like to an oſtry faggot, that once ſet on fire, is as hardly quenched, as the bird Crocodill driuen out of her neaſt.

Wife. Why Adam, cannot a woman wink but ſhe muſt ſleep, and can ſhe not loue, but ſhe muſt crie it out at the Croſſe: know

Adam, I loue thee as my life, and ſhall ſee you together in ſecret.

Clown. Wil. Theſe words of yours, are like a Fox taile, placed in a gentlewomans Fature, which as it is light, ſo it giueth life. Oh theſe words are as ſweet as a lilly, whereupon offering a hecatho of kiſſes to your vnſeemely perſonage, I entertain you vpon further acquaintance.

Wife. Alaſſe, my husband comes.

Clowne. Strike vp the drum, and ſay no words but mum.

Smith. Sirrha you, and you huſwife, well taken together, I haue long ſuſpected you, and now I am glad I haue found you together.

Clowne. Truly ſir, and I am glad that I may do you any ſeruice pleaſure, either in helping you or my miſtreſſe.

Smith. Boy here, and knaue you ſhall know it ſtraight, I will haue you both before the Magiſtrate, and there haue you iuſtly puniſhed.

Clowne. Why then maiſter you are iealous?

Smith. Iealous knaue, how can I be but iealous, to ſee you ſo familiar together? thou art not only content to drink away my goods but to abuſe my wife.

Clowne. Two good qualities, drunkennes and lecherie, but maiſter are you iealous?

Smith. I knaue, and thou ſhalt know it ere I paſſe, for I will beſwinge thee while this roape will hold.

Wife. Oh good husband abuſe him not for he neuer proffered you any wrong.

Smith. Nay whore, thy part ſhall not be behinde.

Clowne. Why ſuppoſe maiſter I haue offended you, it is lawfull for the maiſter to beate the ſeruant for all offences?

Smith. I marry is it knaue.

Clowne. Then maiſter wil I proue by logick, that ſeeing all ſinnes are to receiue correction, the maiſter is to be corrected of the man, and ſir I pray you, what greater ſinne is then iealouſie? tis like a mad dog that for anger bites himſelfe. Therefore that I may doe my dutie to you good maiſter, and to make a ſatisfa-

ſonne

ſonne of you, I will bellowinge iealouſie out of you, as you ſhall loue me the better while you liue.

Smith. What beate thy maiſter knaue?

Clowne. What beat thy maiſter? I maiſter, and double beate you, becauſe you are a man of credit, and therefore haue at you, the fairеſt of forty pence.

Smith. Alaſſe wife, helpe, helpe, my man kils me.

Wife. Nay, euen as you haue baked, ſo haue, iealouſie muſt be driuen out by extremities.

Clowne. and that will I do, miſtreſſe.

Smith. Hold thy hand Adam, and not onely I forgiue and forget all, but I will giue thee a good Farme to liue on.

Clowne. Be gone Peaſant, out of the compaſſe of my further wrath, for I am a corrector of vice, and aright I will bring home my miſtreſſe.

Smith. Euen when you pleaſe good Adam.

Clowne. When I pleaſe, marke thy words, tis a leaſe parol, to haue and to hold, thou ſhalt be mine for euer, and ſo lets go to the ale-houſe.

Exeunt.

Oſea. Where ſeruants gainſt maiſters do rebell,
The Commonweale may be accounted hell,
For if the feete the head ſhall hold in ſcorne,
The Cities ſtate will fall and be forlorne.
This error London, waiteth on thy ſtate,
Seruants amend, and maſters leaue to hate.
Let loue abound, and vertue raigne in all,
So God will hold his hand that threatneth thrall.

Enter the Marchants of Tharſus, the M. of the ſhip, ſome Sailers, wet from ſea, with them the Gouernour of Ioppa.

Gouer. Iop. What ſtrange encounters met you on the ſea?
That thus your Barke is battered by the ſtorms,
And you returne thus ſea-beaten as I ſee.

Mer. Moſt mightie gouernor the chance is ſtrange,
The tidings full of wonder and amaze,
Which better then we, our Prætor report.
Gouer. Diſcourſe vs all the accident.
M. The faire Trions with their glimmering light
Smil'd at the ſute of cleare Rootes araine,
And in the wrath diſtinguiſhing the houres,
The Lad-ſtarre of our courſe diſpearſt his cleare,
When to the ſeas with blithfull weſterne blaſts,
We ſaild amaine, and let the bowling flie,
Scarce had we gone ten leagues from ſight of land,
But lo an hoaſt of blacke and ſable clouds,
Gan to eclips Lucinas ſiluer face,
And with a hurling noiſe from forth the ſouth,
A guſt of winde did raiſe the billowes vp,
Then ſcantled we our ſailes with ſpeedie hands,
And tooke our drablers from our bonnets ſtraight,
Our ſtay-ſeilers our bonnets from our courſes,
Our topſailes vp, we truſſe our ſpritſailes in,
But vainely ſtriue they that reſiſt the heauens.
For loe the waues incenſe them more and more,
Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth,
Our Barke is battered by incountring ſtormes,
And weiny ſtemd by breaking of the floods,
The ſteers-man pale, and carefull holds his helme,
Wherein the truſt of life and ſafetie lies,
Till all at once (a mightfull tale to tell)
Our ſailes were ſlit by Boreas bitter blaſt,
Our rudder broke and we bereft of hope,
Wherewith you ſaw both pale and gaſtly looked,
The dead in thought, and doleful merchants liſte,
Their eies and hands vnto their Countries Gods,
The gods we call in bowels of the ſea,
Sacrifice to winds and ſeas,
Onely alone remaines Palemon,
A paſſenger, did vnderſtand the ſea,

And ſlept ſecure, when we for ſuccour praide:
Him I awake, and ſaid: why ſlumbereſt thou?
Ariſe and pray, and call vpon thy God,
He will perhaps in pitie looke on vs.
Then caſt we lots to know by whoſe anuſe
Our miſchiefe come, according to the guiſe,
And loe the lot did vnto Ionas fall,
The Iſraelite of whom I told you laſt,
Then queſtion we his Country and his name,
Who anſwered vs, I am and Hebrue borne
Who feare the Lord of Heauen, who made the ſea,
And fled from him for which we all are plagu'd,
So to aſſwage the fury of my God,
Take me and caſt my carkaſſe in the ſea,
Then ſhall this ſtormy winde and billow ceaſe,
The heauens they know, the Hebrues God can tell,
How loth we were to execute his will:
But when no Oares nor labour might ſuffiſe,
We heaued the hapleſſe Ionas ouer bord.
So ceaſt the ſtorme, and calmed all the ſea,
And we by ſtrength of oares recouered ſhoare.

Gouer. A wondrous chance of mighty conſequence.

Mer. Ah honored be the god that forought the ſame,
For we haue vowd, that ſaue his wondrous workes
To caſt away prophaned Paganiſme,
And count the Hebrues God the onely God,
To him this offering of the pureſt gold,
This mirrhe and Caſcia freely I do yeeld.

M. And on his alters perfume theſe white clothes,
This gallamyne and gold ile ſacrifice.

Sailer. To him my heart and thoughts I will addreſſe,
Then ſuffer vs moſt mightie Gouernour,
Within your Temples to do ſacrifice.

Gouer. You men of Tharſus follow me,
Who ſacrifice vnto your God of heauen,
And welcome ſr. mes to Ioppais Gouernor. *Exeunt* a ſacrifice.

Oſeas. If warned once, the Ethnicks thus repent,
And at the firſt their errour do lament:
What ſenſleſſe beaſts deuoured in their ſlime,
Are they whom long perſwations cannot winne,
Beware ye weſterne Cities, where the word
Is daily preached both at church and boord:
Where maieſtie the Goſpell doth maintaine,
Where Preachers for your good, themſelues do paine,
To dally long, and ſtill protract the time,
The Lord is iuſt, and you but duſt and ſlime:
Preſume not far, delay not to amend,
Who ſuffereth long, will puniſh in the end.
Caſt thy account ô London in this caſe,
Then iudge what cauſe thou haſt to call for grace.

Ionas the Prophet caſt out of the Whales belly vppon the Stage.

Ionas. Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,
Behold thy hands of mercy reares me vp,
Loe from the hideous bowels of this fiſh,
Thou haſt returned me to the wiſhed aire,
Loe here apparant tokenes of thy power,
The proud Leuiathan that roures the ſeas,
And from his noſthrils ſhoures out to my woes,
Whoſe backe reſiſts the tempeſt of the winde,
Whoſe preſence makes the ſcaly troupes to ſkeine,
With humble ſtreſſe of his broad opened chappes,
Hath lent me harbour in the raging flouds.
Thus though my ſin hath driuen me deepe to hell,
Thy mercy hath reſtored me to life.
Bow ye my knees, and you my baſhfull eyes,
Weepe ſo for griefe, as you to water would:
In trouble Lord, I called vnto thee,
Out of the belly of the deepeſt hell,
I cride, and thou didſt heare my voice.

Tis thou hadſt caſt me downe into the deepe,
The ſeas and floods did compaſſe me about,
I thought I had beene caſt from out thy ſight,
The weeds were wrapt about thy wretched head,
I went vnto the bottome of the hilles,
But thou O Lord my God haſt brought me vp,
Da thæ I thought when as my ſoule did faint,
My praiers did preaſe before thy mercie ſeate.
Then will I pay my vowes vnto the Lord,
For why, ſaluation commeth from his throane.

The Angell appeareth.

Angel. Ionas ariſe, get thee to Niniue,
And preach to them the preachings that I bad:
Haſte thæ to ſee the will of heauen perform'd.

Depart Angel.

Ionas. Iehouah I am priеſt to do thy will.
What coaſt is this, and where am I arriu'd?
Behold ſweete Lucas ſtreaming in his bounds,
Bearing the walles of haughtie Niniue,
Whereas three hundred towns do tempt the heauen.
Faire are the walles made of Aſſiria,
But lo thy ſpires haue pierc'd through the cloudes,
Here will I enter boldly ſince I know
My God commands, whoſe power no power reſiſts.

Exit.

Oſeas. You Prophets learne by Ionas how to liue,
Repent your ſinnes, whilſt he doth warning giue,
Who knowes his maiſters will and doth it not,
Shall ſuffer many ſtripes full well I wot.

Enter Aluida in rich attire, with the King of Cilicia, her Ladies.

Aluida. Ladies go ſit you downe amiſt this bowre,
And let the Eunicks plaie you all a ſleepe:
Put garlands made of Roſes on your heades,

And

And plaie the wantons with I tarrie a while.

Lady. Thy beautie of all the world be ſtill.

Enter the bowre.

Aluid. King of Cilicia kinde and courteous,
Like to thy ſelfe, becauſe a louely king,
Come lay thee downe vpon thy mother lap,
And I will ſing and take of loue to thee.

King Cili. Moſt gratious Paragon of creatures,
It fits not ſuch an abiect Pariet as I,
To talke with Raſhes Paramoure and loue.

Al. To talke ſweet friend, who would not talke with thee?
Oh be not coy, art thou not onely faire?
Come twine thine armes about this snow white neck,
A loue-neſt for the great Aſſirian king,
Blushing I tell thee faire Cilician Prince,
None but thy ſelfe can merit ſuch a gueſt.

K. Ci. Madam, I hope you meane not this to mock me.

Al. No king, faire king, my meaning is to yoke thee.
Heare me but ſing of loue, reade by my lookes,
My teares, my blushing cheeks, my changes there,
Thou ſhalt perceiue how I do hold thee deare.

K. Ci. Sing Madam if you pleaſe, but loue briefly.

Aluid. Nay, I will loue, and ſigh at euery reſt.

Song.

Beautie alaſſe, where waſt thou borne?
Thus to hold thy ſelfe in ſcorne?
When as beautie kneeles to woe thee,
Thou by Beautie doeſt vndo me.
Heigho, deſpiſe me not.

I and thou in ſooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none:
Wanton thou, and wilt thou wanton
Yeeld a cruell heart to plant on?
Do me right and do me reaſon,
Cruelty is curſed treaſon.
Heigho, Heigho, Heigho,
Higho, and yet he cies me not. King.

King. Madam your ſong is paſſing paſſionate.
Alui. And wilt thou not then pittie my eſtate?
King. Aſke loue of them, who pittie may impart.
Alui. I aſke of thée ſweet, thou haſt ſtole my heart.
King. Your loue is fixed on a greater King.
Alui. But womens loue, it is a fickle thing.
I loue my Raſni for my dignitie.
I loue Cilician King for his ſweete eye.
I loue my Raſni ſince he rules the world.
But more I loue this kingly little world. Embrace him.
How ſweete he lookes! Oh were I Cithias Pheere,
And thou Endimion, I ſhould hold thée deere:
Thus ſhould mine armes be ſpread about thy necke.
Embrace his necke.
Thus would I kiſſe my loue at euerie becke.
Kiſſe.
Thus would I ſigh to ſée thée ſweetly ſléepe,
And if thou wakeſt not ſoone, thus would I wéepe.
And thus, and thus, and thus: thus much I loue thée.
Kiſſe him.
King. For all theſe vowes, beſhrow me if I proue you:
My faith vnto my King ſhall not be falc'd.
Alui. God Lord how men are coy when they are crau'd!
King. Madam, behold our King approacheth nie.
Alui. Thou art Endimion, then no more, heighoe for him I die.
Faints. Point at the King of Cilicia.

Enter Raſni, with his Kings and Lords.

What ailes the Center of my happineſſe,
Whereon depends the heauen of my delight?
Thine eyes the motors to command my world,
Thy hands the ayer to maintaine my world.
Thy ſmiles, the prime and ſpring-tide of my world,
Thy frownes, the winter to afflict the world.
Thou Quéene of me, I King of all the world.
Alui. My feeble eyes lift vp and looke on him. She riſeth as out
Is Raſni here? then droupe no more poore heart, (of a trance.

Oh how I fainted when I wanted thee!

(Embrace him.

How faine am I, now I may looke on thee?
How glorious is my Raſni? how diuine?
Eunukes play himnes, to praiſe his deitie:
He is my Ioue, and I his Iuno am.

Raſni. Sun-bright, as is the eye of ſummers day,
When as he ſutes Spenori all in gold,
To wowe his Leda in a ſwanlike ſhape.
Seemely as Galbocia for thy white:
Roſe-coloured, lilly, louely, wanton, kinde,
Be thou the labyrinth to tangle loue,
Whileſt I command the crowne from Venus creſt:
And pull Onoris girdle from his loines,
Enchaſt with Carbuncles, and Diamonds,
To beautifie faire Aluida my loue.
Play Eunukes, ſing in honour of her name,
Yet looke not flames vpon her wooing eyne,
For ſhe is faire Lucina to your King,
But fierce Meduſa to your baſer eye.

Alui. What if I ſlept, where ſhould my pillow be?

Raſni. Within my boſome Nimph, not on my knee,
Sleepe like the ſmiling puritie of heauen,
When mildeſt wind is loath to blend the peace,
Meane-while thy blame ſhall from thy breath ariſe,
And while theſe cloſures of thy lamps be ſhut,
My ſoule may haue his peace from fancies warre.
This is my Morane, and I her Cephalus.
Wake not too ſone ſweete Nimph, my loue is woonne:
Carries, why ſtaie your ſtraines, why tempt you me?

Enter the Prieſt of the ſun, with the miters on their heads, carrying fire in their hands.

Prieſt. All haile vnto Th'aſſirian deitie.

Raſ. Prieſts why preſume you to diſturbe my peace?

Prieſt. Raſni, the deſtinies diſturbe thy peace.

Behold

Behold amidſt the orbittes of our Gods,
Our mightie Gods the patrons of our warre.
The ghoſt of dead men howling walke about,
Crying Ve, Ve, woe to this Citie woe.
The ſtatutes of our Gods are throwne downe,
And ſtreames of blood our altars do diſtaine.
Aluida. Ah-laſſe my Lord, what tidings do I heare?
Shall I be ſlaine?

She ſtarteth.

Raſni. who tempteth Aluida?
Go breake me vp the brazen walles of dreames,
And binde me curſed Morpheus in a chaine,
And fetter all the fancies of the night,
Becauſe they do diſturbe my Aluida.

A hand from out a cloud, threatneth a burning ſword.

K. Cili. Behold dread Prince, a burning ſword from heauen,
Which by a threatning arme is brandiſhed.
Raſni. What am I threatned then amidſt my throne?
Sages: you Magie ſpeake: what meaneth this?
Sages. Theſe are but clammy exhalations,
Or retrograde, coniunctions of the ſtarres,
Or oppoſitions of the greater lights,
Or radiatrous finding matter fit,
That in the ſtarrie Spheare kindled be,
Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,
But peace and honour to my Lord the King.
Raſni. Then frolicke Viceroies, kings & potentates,
Drive all vaine fancies from your feeble mindes.
Prieſts go and pray, whilſt I prepare my feaſt,
Where Aluida and I, in pearle and gold,
Will quaffe vnto our Nobles, richeſt wine,
In ſpight of fortune, fate, or deſtinie.

Exeunt.

Oſcar. Woe to the traines of womens fooliſh luſt,
In wedlocke rights that yeeld but little truſt.

That vow to one, yet common be to all,
Take warning wantons, pride will haue a fall.
Woe to the land, where warnings profit nought,
Who ſay that nature, Gods decrees hath wrought.
Who build on fate, and leaue the corner ſtone,
The God of Gods, ſweete Chriſt the onely one.
If ſuch eſcapes & London reigne in thee:
Repent, for why each ſin ſhall puniſht be.
Repent, amend, repent, the houre is nie,
Defer not time, who knowes when he ſhall die?

Enters one clad in diuels attire alone.

Longer liues a merry man then a ſad, and becauſe I meane to make my ſelfe pleaſant this night, I haue put my ſelfe into this attire, to make a Clowne afraid, that paſſeth this way: for of late there haue appeared many ſtrange apparitions, to the great feare and terror of the Citizens. Oh here my young maiſter comes.

Enters Adam and his miſtreſſe.

Adam. Feare not miſtreſſe, ile bring you ſafe home, if my maiſter frowne, then will I ſtamp and ſtare, and if all bee not well then, why then to morrow morne put out mine eyes cleane with fortie pound.

Wife. Oh but Adam, I am afraid to walke ſo late becauſe of the ſpirits that appeare in the Citie.

Adam. What are you afraid of ſpirits, armde as I am, with Ale, and Nutmegs, turne me loſe to all the diuels in hell.

Wife. Alaſſe Adam, Adam, the diuell, the diuell.

Adam. The diuell miſtreſſe, flie you for your ſafegard, let mee alone, the diuell and I will deale well inough, if hee haue any honeſtie at all in him, Ile either win him with a ſmooth tale, or elſe with a toaſt and a cup of Ale.

The Diuell ſings heere.

Diuell. Oh, oh, oh, oh, faine would I bee,
If that my kingdome fulfilled I might ſee.
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Clowne. Surely this is a merry diuell, and I beleeue hee is

one of Lucifers Minſtrels, hath a ſweet voice, now ſurely, ſurely, he may ſing to a paire of Tongs and a Bag-pipe.

Diuell. Oh thou art he that I ſeeke for.

Clowne. Spiritus ſantus, away from me ſatan, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Diuell. Oh villaine thou art mine.

Clown. Nominus patrus, I bleſſe me from thee, and I conjure thee to tell me who thou art?

Diuell. I am the ſpirit of the dead man that was ſlaine in thy company when we were drunke togither at the Ale.

Clown. By my troth ſir, I cry you mercy, your face is ſo changed, that I had quite forgotten you, well maiſter diuell we haue toſt ouer many a pot of ale togither.

Diuell. And therefore muſt thou go with me to hell.

Clowne. I haue a policie to ſhift him, for I know hee comes out of a hote place, and I know my ſelfe, the Smith and the diuel hath a drie toth in his head, therefore will I leaue him aſleepe, and run my way.

Diuell. Come art thou readie.

Clowne. Faith ſir my old freend, and now goodman diuell, you know, you and I haue beene tolling many a good cup of ale, your noſe is growne very rich, what ſay you, will you take a pot of ale now at my hands, hell is like a Smiths forge full of water, and yet euer a thruſt.

Diuell. No Ale villaine, ſpirits cannot drinke, come get vp on my backe, that I may carrie thee.

Clowne. You know I am a Smith ſir, let mee loke whither you be wel ſhod or no, for if you want a ſhoe, a remoue, or the clinching of a naile, I am at your command.

Diuell. Thou haſt neuer a ſhoe fit for me.

Clowne. Why ſir, we ſhoe horned beaſts as well as you, Oh God Lord, let me ſit downe and laugh, hath neuer a clouen foot, a diuell quoth he, ile vſe ſpiritus ſantus, nor nominus patrus no more to him, I warrant you, Ile do more good vpon him with my cudgeil, now will I ſit me downe and become Juſtice of peace to the diuell.

Diuell. Come art thou readie?

Clowne. I am readie, And with this cudgell I will coniure thée.

Diuell. Oh hold thy hand, thou kilſt me, thou kilſt me.

Clowne. Then may I count my ſelfe I think a tall man, that am able to kill a diuell. Now who dare deale with me in the pariſh, or what wench in Niniuie will not loue me, when they ſay, there goes he that beat the diuell.

Enters Thraſibulus.

Thraſi. Loathed is the life that now inforc'd I lead,
But ſince neceſſitie will haue it ſo,
(Neceſſitie it doth command the Gods)
Through euery coaſt and corner now I prie.
To pilfer what I can to buie me meate.
Here haue I got a cloake not ouer old,
Which will affoord ſome little ſuſtenance,
Now will I to the broaking Vſurer,
To make exchange of ware for readie coine.

Alcon. Wife bid the trumpets ſound a prize, a prize, mark the poſie, I cut this from a new married wife, by the help of a horne thombe and a knife, ſixe ſhillings foure pence.

Simia. The better lucke ours, but what haue we here, caſt apparell? Come away man, the Vſurer is neare, this is dead ware, let it not bide on our hands.

Thraſi. Here are my partners in my pouertie,
Inforc'd to ſeeke their fortunes as I do.
Ah-laſſe that fewe men ſhould poſſeſſe the wealth,
And many ſoules be forc'd to beg or ſteale.
Alcon well met.

Alcon. Fellow begger whither now?

Thraſi. To the Vſurer to get gold on commoditie.

Alcon. And I to the ſame place to get a vent for my villany, ſée where the old crueſt comes, let vs ſalute him. God ſaue ſir, may a man abuſe your patience vpon a paſſone?

Vſurer.

Vſurer. Friend let me ſée it.

Alcon. *Ecce ſignum*, a faire doublet and hoſe, now bought out of the pilferers ſhop, a handſome cloake.

Vſurer. How were they gotten?

Thraſi. How catch the fiſher-men fiſh? Ph. take them as you thinke them worth, we leaue all to your conſcience.

Vſurer. Honeſt men, toward men, good men, my friends, like to proue good members, vſe me, command me, I will maintaine your credits, there's mony, now ſpend not your time in idleneſſe, bring me commoditie, I haue crownes for you, there is two ſhillings for thée, and ſix ſhillings for thée.

Alcon. A bargaine, now Samia haue at it for a new ſmocke, come let vs to the ſpring of the beſt liquor, whileſt this laſts, trilill.

Vſurer. God fellowes, proper fellowes, my companions, farewell, I haue a pot for you.

Samia. If he could ſpare it.

Enters to them Ionas.

Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent,
The day of iudgement comes.
When greedie hearts ſhall glutted be with fire.
When as corruptions bailde, ſhall be vnmaſkt.
When briberies ſhall be repaide with bane.
When whoredomes ſhall be recompenc'd in hell.
When riot ſhall with rigor be rewarded.
When as neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Diſdaine of poore men, fatherleſſe and ſicke
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.
The Lord hath ſpoke, and I do crie it out.
There are as yet, but fortie daies remaining,
And then ſhall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.
Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then ſhall Niniuie be ouerthrowne. *Exit.*

Vſurer.

A loooking Glaſſe, for

Vſur. Confus'd in thought, oh whither ſhall I wende? (*Exit.*
Thraſi. My conſcience cries that I haue done amiſſe. (*Exit.*
Alcon. Oh God of heauen, gainſt thee haue I offended. (*Exit.*
Samia. Aſham'd of my miſdeeds, where ſhall I hide me? (*Exit.*
Cleſi. Father me thinks this word repent is good,
He that punish disobedience.
Doth hold a ſcourge for euery priuie fault. (*Exit.*

Oſeas. Look London looke, with inward eies be-
What leſſons the euents do here vnfold. (hold,
Sinne growne to pride, to miſerie is thrall,
The warning bell is rung, beware to fall.
Ye worldly men whom wealth doth lift on hie,
Beware and feare, for worldly men muſt die.
The time ſhall come, where leaſt reſpect remaines,
The ſword ſhall light vpon the wiſeſt braines.
The head that deemes to ouer-top the ſkie,
Shall periſh in his humaine pollicie.
Lo I haue ſaid, when I haue ſaid the truth,
When will is law, when folly guideth youth.
When ſhew of zeale is prankt in robes of zeale,
When Miniſters powle the pride of cõmon-weale?
When Law is made a laborinth of ſtrife,
When honour yeelds him freend to wicked life.
When Princes heare by others eares their follie,
When Vſury is moſt accounted holie.
If theſe ſhould hap, as wold to God they might not,
The plague is neare, I ſpeake although I write not.

Enters the Angell.

Angell. *Oſeas.*
Oſeas. Lord.
An. Now hath thine eies peruſ'd theſe hainous ſins,
Hateſull vnto the mightie Lord of hoſtes,
The time is come, their ſinnes are waxen ripe,
And though the Lord forewarnes, yet they repent not:

Conſume

Cuſtome of ſinne hath hardened all their hearts,
Now comes reuenge armed with mightie plagues,
To puniſh all that liue in Niniuie,
For God is iuſt, as he is mercifull,
And doubtleſſe plagues all ſuch as ſcorne repent,
Thou ſhalt not ſée the deſolation
That falles vnto theſe curſed Niniuites.
But ſhalt returne to great Hieruſalem,
And preach vnto the people of thy God,
What mightie plagues are incident to ſinne,
Vnleſſe repentance mittigate his ire:
Wrapt in the ſpirit as thou wert hither brought,
Ile ſeate thée in Iudeas prouinces,
Feare not Oſeas then to preach the word.
Oſeas. The will of the Lord be done.

Oſeas taken away.

Enters Raſni with his Viceroyes, Aluida and Ladies, to a banquet.

Raſni. So Viceroyes you haue pleaſde mee paſſing well,
Theſe curious cates are gratious in mine eye.
But theſe Corachious of the richeſt wine,
Make me to thinke how blythſome we will be.
Seate thée faire Iuno in the royall throne,
And I will ſerue thée to ſée thy face,
That féeding on the beautie of thy lookes,
My ſtomacke and mine eyes may both be fild.
Come Lordings ſeate you, fellow mates at feaſt,
And frolicke wags, this is a day of glée,
This banquet is for brightſome Aluida.
Ile haue them ſkinckt my ſtanding bowles of wine,
And no man drinke, but quaffe a full carouſe,
Vnto the health of beautious Aluida.
For who ſo riſeth from this feaſt not drunke,
As I am Raſni, Niniuies great King,
Shall die the death as traitor to my ſelfe,

For that he ſcornes the health of Aluida.
K. Cili. That will I neuer do my Lord.
Therefore with fauour, fortune to your grace,
Carowſe vnto the health of Aluida.
Raſni. Gramercie Lording, here I take thy pledge.
And Creete to thée a bowle of Greckiſh wine,
Here to the health of Aluida.
Creete. Let come my Lord, Jack ſcincker fill it ful,
I pledge vnto the health of heauenly Aluida.
Raſni. Vaſſals attendant on our royall feaſts,
Drinke you I ſay vnto my louers health,
Let none that is in Raſnes royall Court,
Go this night ſafe and ſober to his bed.

Enters the Clowne.

Clowne. This way he is, and here will I ſpeake with him.
Lord. Fellow, whither preſſeſt thou?
Clowne. I preſſe no bodie ſir, I am going to ſpeake with a friend of mine.
Lord. Why ſlaue, here is none but the king and his Vice-royes.
Clowne. The King, marry ſir he is the man I would ſpeake withall.
Lord. Why calſt him a friend of thine?
Clowne. I marry do I ſir, for if he be not my friend, ile make him my friend, ere he and I paſſe.
Lord. Away vaſſaile be gone, thou ſpeake vnto the king.
Clowne. I marry will I ſir, and if he were a King of veluet, I will talke to him.
Raſni. Whats the matter there, what noiſe is that?
Clowne. A boone my Liege, a boone my Liege.
Raſni. What is it that great Raſni will not grant
This day, vnto the meaneſt of his land?
In honour of his beautious Aluida?
Come hither ſwaine, what is it that thou craueſt?
Clowne. Faith ſir nothing, but to ſpeake a few ſentences to your worſhip.

Raſni. Say, what is it?

Clown. I am ſure ſir you haue heard of the ſpirits that walke in the Citie here.

Raſni. I, what of that?

Clown. Truly ſir, I haue an oration to tel you of one of them, and this it is.

Alui. Why goeſt not forward with thy tale?

Clowne. Faith miſtreſſe, I feele an imperfection in my voice, a diſeaſe that often troubles mee, but alaſſe, eaſily mended, a cup of Ale, or a cup of Wine, will ſerue the turne.

Alui. Fill him a bowle, and let him want no drinke.

Clowne. O what a pretious word was that, and let him want no drinke. Well ſir, now ile tell you forth my tale. Sir as I was comming alongſt the port ryuale of Niniuie, there appeared to me a great diuell, and as hard fauoured a diuell as euer I ſaw: nay ſir, he was a cuckoldly diuell, for hee had hornes on his head. This diuell, marke you now, preſſeth vppon me, and ſir indeed, I charged him with my pike ſtaffe: but when that would not ſerue, I came vpon him with *ſpyritus ſantus*, why it had bin able to haue put Lucifer out of his wits, when I ſawe my charme would not ſerue, I was in ſucha perpleritie, that fiue penny-worth of Iuniper would not haue made the place ſweete againe.

Alui. Why fellow wert thou ſo afraid?

Clowne. Oh miſtreſſe, had you beene there and ſeene, his very ſight had made you ſhift a cleane ſmocke, I promiſe you though I were a man, and counted a tall fellow, yet my Landreſſe calde me flouenly knaue the next day.

Raſni. A pleaſaunt ſlaue, forward ſirrha, on with thy tale.

Clown. Faith ſir, but I remember a word that my miſtreſſe your bed-fellow ſpoake.

Raſni. What was that fellow?

Clowne. Oh ſir, a word of comfort, a pretious word: and let him want no drinke.

Raſni. Her word is lawe: and thou ſhalt want no drinke.

Clowne. Then ſir this diuell came vpon mee, and would not be perſwaded, but he would needs carry me to hell, I proffered him a cup of Ale, thinking becauſe he came from ſo hotte a place, that he was thirſtie, but the diuell was not dric, and therefore the more ſory was I, well, there was no remedie, but I muſt with him to hell, and at laſt I caſt mine eye aſide, if you knew what I ſpied, you would laugh, ſir I lookt from top to toe, and he had no clouen feete. Then I ruffled vp my haire, and ſet my cap on the one ſide, & ſir grew to be a Iuſtice of peace to the diuell. At laſt in a great fume, as I am very choloricke, and ſometime ſo hotte in my fuſtin fumes, that no man can abide within twentie yards of me, I ſtart vp, and ſo bombaſted the diuell, that ſir he cried out, and ranne away.

Alui. This pleaſant knaue hath made me laugh my
Raſni, now Aluida begins her quaffe, (ſill.
And drinkes a full carouſe vnto her King.

Raſni. I pledge my loue, as hartie as great Ioue
Drunke, when his Iuno beau'd a bowle to him.
Frolicke my Lord, let all the ſtanderds walke.
Ply it till euery man hath tane his load. (you?
How now ſirrha, what cheere: we haue no words of

Clown. Truly ſir, I was in a braue ſtudy about my miſtreſſe.

Alui. About me, for what?

Clowne. Truelie miſtreſſe, to thinke what a golden ſentence you did ſpeake: all the philoſophers in the world could not haue ſaid more: what come let him want no drinke. Oh wiſe ſpeech.

Alui. Villaines, why ſhrinck you not vnto this fellow?
He makes me blyth and merry in my thoughts.
Heard you not that the King hath giuen command,
That all be drunke this day within his Court,
In quaffing to the health of Aluida?

Enter Ionas.

Ionas. Repent, repent, ye men of Niniuie repent.
The Lord hath ſpoken, and I do crie it out,
There are as yet but fortie dales remaining,
And then ſhall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.

Repent

Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.

Rasni. What fellow is this, that thus disturbs our feasts,
With outcries and alarams to repent?

Clowne. Oh sir, tis one goodman Ionas that is come from Iericho, and surely I thinke hee hath seene some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, for he neuer leaues crying night nor day, my maister heard him, and he shut vp his shop, gaue me my Indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but fast and pray.

Ionas. Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.

Rasni. Come hither fellow, what art, & from whence commest (thou?

Ionas. Rasni, I am a Prophet of the Lord,
Sent hither by the mightie God of hostes,
To cry destruction to the Niniuites,
O Niniuie, thou harlot of the world,
I raise thy neighbours round about thy bounds,
To come and see thy filthinesse and sinne.
Thus saith the Lord, the mightie God of hoste,
Your king loues chambering and wantonnesse,
Whoredome and murther do distaine his Court,
He fauoureth couetous and drunken men.
Behold therefore all like a strumpet foule,
Thou shalt be iudg'd and punisht for thy crime:
The foe shall pierce the gates with iron rampes,
The fire shall quite consume thee from aboue.
The houses shall be burnt, the Infants slaine.
And women shall behold their husbands die.
Thine eldest Sister is Lamana.
And Sodome on thy right hand seated is.
Repent ye men of Niniuie, repent.
The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out.
There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,
And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.

Exit. Offered.

Rasni. Staie Prophet, staie.

Ionas. Disturbe not him that sent me,
Let me performe the message of the Lord. *Exit.*

Raſni. My ſoule is buried in the hell of thoughts.
Ah Aluida, I loke on thée with ſhame.
My Lords on ſuddaine fire their eyes on ground,
As if diſmayd to loke vpon the heauens.
Hence Magi, who haue flattered me in ſinne.

Exit. His Sages.

Horror of minde, diſturbance of my ſoule,
Makes me agaſt, for Niniuies miſhap.
Lords ſée proclaym'd, yea ſée it ſtraight proclaim'd,
That man and beaſt, the woman and her childe,
For fortie daies in ſacke and aſhes faſt,
Perhaps the Lord will yéeld and pittie vs.
Beare hence theſe wretched blandiſhments of ſinne,
And bring me ſackcloth to attire your King.
Away with pompe, my ſoule is full of woe:
In pittie loke on Niniuie, O God.

Exit. A man.

Alui. Aſſaild with ſhame, with horror ouerborne,
To ſorrowes ſold, all guiltie of our ſinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray,
Ah-laſſe, how dare we loke on heauenly light,
That haue diſpiſde the maker of the ſame?
How may we hope for mercie from aboue,
That ſtill deſpiſe the warnings from aboue?
Woes me, my conſcience is a heauie foe.
O patron of the poore oppreſt with ſinne,
Loke, loke on me, that now for pittie craue,
Aſſaild with ſhame, with horror ouerborne,
To ſorrow ſold, all guiltie of our ſinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray.

Exeunt.

Enter the Vſurer, *ſolus*, with a halter in one hand, a dagger in the other.

Vſurer. Groning in conſcience, burdened with my crimes,
The hell of ſorrow haunts me vp and downe.

Dread

Tread where I liſt, mée-thinkes the bléeding ghoſtes
Of thoſe whom my corruption brought to noughts,
Do ſerue for ſtumbling blocks before my ſteppes.
The fatherleſſe and widow wrongd by me.
The poore oppreſſed by my vſurie,
Me-thinkes I ſée their hands reard vp to heauen,
To crie for vengeance of my couetouſneſſe.
Where ſo I walke, Ile ſigh and ſhun my way.
Thus am I made a monſter of the world,
Hell gapes for me, heauen will not hold my ſoule.
Yon mountaines ſhrowde me from the God of truth.
Mée-thinkes I ſée him ſit to iudge the earth.
Sée how he blots me out of the booke of life.
Oh burthen more then Aetna that I beare.
Couer me hills, and ſhroude me from the Lord.
Swallow me Licas, ſhield me from the Lord.
In life no peace: each murmuring that I heare,
Mée-thinkes the ſentence of damnation ſounds,
Die reprobate, and hie thée hence to hell.

The euill angell tempteth him, offering the knife and rope.

What fiend is this that tempts me to the death?
What is my death the harbour of my reſt?
Then let me die: what ſecond charge is this?
Mée-thinke, I heare a voice amidſt mine eares,
That bids me ſtaie: and tels me that the Lord
Is mercifull to thoſe that do repent.
May I repent? oh thou my doubtfull ſoule?
Thou maiſt repent, the iudge is mercifull.
Hence toles of wrath, ſtales of temptation,
For I will pray and ſigh vnto the Lord.
In ſackcloth will I ſigh, and faſting pray:
O Lord in rigor looke not on my ſinnes.

He ſits him down in ſack-cloathes, his hands and eyes reared to heauen.

Enters

A looking Glaſſe, for

Enters Aluida with her Ladies, with diſpierſed lookes.

Alui. Come mournfull dames lay off your broyded locks,
And on your ſhoulders ſpread diſpierſed haires,
Let voice of muſicke ceaſe, where ſorrow dwels.
Cloathed in ſackcloaths, ſigh your ſinnes with me.
Bemone your pride, bewaile your lawleſſe luſts,
With faſting mortifie your pampered loines:
Oh thinke vpon the horrour of your ſinnes.
Think, think, with me, the burthen of your blames,
Woe to thy pompe, fall, beautie, fading flowre,
Blaſted by age, by ſickneſſe, and by death.
Woe to our painted cheekes, our curious eyes,
Our rich array, that foſtered vs in ſinne.
Woe to our idle thoughts that wound our ſoules.
Oh would to God, all nations might receiue,
A good example by our greeuous fall. (dwels,

Ladies. You that are planted there where pleaſure
And thinkes your pompe as great as Niniuies,
May fall for ſinne as Niniuie doth now.

Alui. Mourn, mourn, let meane be all your melodie,
And pray with me, and I will pray for all.

Lord. O Lord of heauen forgiue vs our miſdeeds.

Ladies. O Lord of heauen forgiue vs our miſdeeds.

Vſurer. O Lord of light forgiue me my miſdeeds.

Enters Raſni, the kings of Aſſiria, with his nobles in ſackcloath.

K. Cilicia. Be not ſo ouercome with greefe O king,
Leaſt you indanger life by ſorrowing ſo.

Raſni. King of Cilicia, ſhould I ceaſe my greefe,
Where as my ſwarming ſinnes aflict my ſoule?
Maine man know, this my burthen greater is,
Then euery priuate ſubiect in my land:
My life hath beene a loadſtarre vnto them,
To guide them in the laborinth of blame,
Thus I haue taught them for to do amiſſe:

Then

Then muſt I weepe my freende ſor their amiſſe,
The fall of Niniuie is wrought by me;
I haue maintaind this Citie in her ſhame.
I haue contemn'd the warnings from aboue.
I haue vpholden inceſt, rape, and ſpoile.
Tis I that wrought thy ſinne, muſt weepe thy ſinne.
Oh had I teares like to the ſiluer ſtreames,
That from the Alpine Mountaines ſweetly ſtreame,
Or had I ſighes the treaſures of remorſe,
As plentifull as Æolus hath blaſts,
I then would tempt the heauens with my laments,
And pierce the throane of mercy by my ſighes.

K.Cil. Heauens are propitious vnto faithful praiers.

Raſni. But after our repent, we muſt lament:
Leaſt that a worſer miſchiefe doth befall.
Oh pray, perhaps the Lord will pitie vs.
Oh God of truth both merciſull and iuſt,
Behold repentant men with pitious eyes,
We waile the life that we haue led before.
Oh pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Omnes. O pardon Lord, O pitie Niniuie.

Raſni. Let not the Infants dallying on the tent,
For fathers ſinnes in iudgement be oppreſt.

K.Cil. Let not the painfull mothers big with child,
The innocents be puniſht for our ſinne.

Raſni. O pardon Lord, O pittie Niniuie.

Omnes. O pardon Lord, O pittie Niniuie.

Raſni. O Lord of heauen, the virgins weepe to thee.
The couetous man ſorie for his ſinne.
The Prince and powre, all pray before thy throane.
And wilt thou then be wroth with Niniuie?

K.Cili. Giue truce to praier O king, and reſt a ſpace.

Raſni. Giue truce to praiers, when times require no truce?
No Princes no. Let all our ſubiects hie
Vnto our temples, where on humbled knees,
I will eſpect ſome mercy from aboue. Enter the temple *Omnes.*

Enters Ionas, ſolus.

Ionas. This is the day wherein the Lord hath ſaid,

That Niniuie ſhall quite be ouerthrowne.
This is the day of horror and mishap,
Fatall vnto the curſed Niniuites.
Theſe ſtately Towers ſhall in thy watery bounds,
Swift flowing Licas find their burials,
Theſe pallaces the pride of Aſſurs kings,
Shall be the bowres of deſolation,
Where as the ſollitary bird ſhall ſing,
And Tygers traine their yong ones to their neſt.
O all ye nations bounded by the Weſt,
Ye happie Iles, where Prophets do abound,
Ye Cities famous in the weſterne world,
Make Niniuie a preſident for you.
Leaue leaud deſires, leaue couetous delights.
Flie vſurie, let whoredome be exilde,
Leaſt you with Niniuie be ouerthrowne.
Loe how the ſunnes inflamed torch preuailes,
Scorching the parched furrowes of the earth.
Here will I ſit me downe and fixe mine eye
Vpon the ruines of yon wretched Towne,
And lo a pleaſant ſhade, a ſpreading vine,
To ſhelter Ionas in this ſunny heate,
What meanes my God, the day is done end ſpent.
Lord ſhall my Prophecie be brought to nought?
When falles the fire? when will the iudge be wroth?
I pray thee Lord remember what I ſaid,
When I was yet within my country land,
Iehouah is too merciſull I feare.
O let me flie before a Prophet fault,
For thou art merciſull the Lord my God,
Full of compaſſion, and ſufferance,
And doeſt repent in taking punishment.
Why ſtaies thy hand? O Lord firſt take my life,
Before my Prophecie be brought to nought.
Ah he is wroth, behold the gladſome vine
That did defend me from the ſunny heate,
Is withered quite, and ſwallowed by a Serpent.

A ſerpent deuoureth the vine.

Now furious Phlegon triumphs on my browes,
And heate preuailes, and I am faint in heart.

Enters the Angell.

Angell. Art thou so angry Ionas? tell me why?
Ionas. Iehouah, I with burning heate am plungd,
And shadowed onely by a silly vine.
Behold a Serpent hath deuoured it.
And lo the sunne incenst by Easterne winde,
Afflicts me with Caniculer aspect,
Would God that I might die, for well I wot,
Twere better I were dead, then rest aliue.
Angell. Ionas art thou so angry for the vine,
Ionas. Yea I am angry to the death my God.
Angell. Thou hast compassion Ionas on a vine,
On which thou neuer labour didst bestow,
Thou neuer gauest it life or power to grow,
Bud suddainly it spring, and suddainly dide.
And should not I haue great compassion
On Niniuie the Citie of the Lord,
Wherein there are a hundred thousand soules,
And twentie thousand infants that ne wot
The right hand from the left, besides much cattle.
Oh Ionas, looke into their Temples now,
And see the true contrition of their King:
The subiects teares, the sinners true remorse.
Then from the Lord proclaime a mercie day,
For he is pittifull as he is iust.

Exit, Angelus.

Ionas. I go my God to finish thy command,
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God:
Or talke his praises with a feruent tong.
He bringeth downe to hell, and lifts to heauen.
He drawes the yoake of bondage from the iust,
And lookes vpon the Heathen with pitteous eyes,
To him all praise and honour be ascribed.
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God,
He makes the infant to proclaime his truth,

The aſſe to ſpeake, to ſaue the Prophets life.
The earth and ſea to yeld increaſe for man.
Who can deſcribe the compaſſe of his power?
Or tellfie in termes his endleſſe might?
My rauiſht ſpright, oh whither doeſt thou wend?
Go and proclaime the mercy of my God.
Relieue the carefull hearted Niniuites.
And as thou weart the meſſenger of death,
Go bring glad tydings of recouered grace.

Enters Adam ſolus, with a bottle of beer in one ſhop, and a great peece of beefe in an other.

Wel good-man Ionas, I would you had neuer come from Iury to this Country, you haue made me loke like a leane rib of roaſt beefe, or like the picture of lent, painted vpon a read-herings cob. Alaſſe maiſters, we are commanded by the proclamation to faſt and pray, by my troth I could prettely ſo, ſo, away with praying, but for faſting, why tis ſo contrary to my nature, that I had rather ſuffer a ſhort hanging, then a long faſting. Marke me, the words be theſe. Thou ſhalt take no maner of foode for ſo many daies. I had as leeue he ſhould haue ſaid, thou ſhalt hang thy ſelfe for ſo many daies. And yet in faith I need not finde fault with the proclamation, for I haue a buttry, and a pantry, and a kitchin, about me, for proofe, *Ecce ſignum*, this right flop is my pantry, behold a manchet, this place is my kitchin, for loe a peece of beefe. Oh let me repeat that ſweet word againe: For loe a peece of beef. This is my buttry, for ſee, ſee, my friends, to my great ioy, a bottle of beere. Thus alaſſe, I make ſhift to weare out this faſting, I driue away the time, but there go Searchers about to ſeeke if any man breakes the kings command. Oh here they be, in with your victuals Adam.

Enters two Searchers.

1. Searcher. How duly the men of Niniuie kéep the proclamation, how are they armde to repentance: we haue ſearcht through the whole Citie: haue not as yet found one that breaks the faſt.

2. Sear. The ſigne of the more grace, but ſtaie, here ſits one mée-thinkes at his praiers, let vs ſee who it is.

1. Sear. Tis Adam, the Smithes man, how now Adam.

Adam. Trouble me not, thou ſhalt take no maner of foode, but

faſt and pray.

1. Sear. How deuoutly he ſits at his oryſons, but ſtay, me-thinkes I ſcele a ſmell of ſome meate or bread about him.

2. Sear. So thinkes me too, you ſirrha, what victuals haue you about you?

Adam. Victuals! Oh horrible blaſphemie! Hinder me not of my praier, nor driue me not into a chollor, victualles! why harſt thou not the ſentence, thou ſhalt take no foode but faſt and pray?

2. Sear. Truth ſo it ſhould be, but me-thinkes I ſmell meate about thée.

Adam. About me my friends, theſe words are actions in the Caſe, about me, No, no: hang thoſe gluttons that cannot faſt and pray.

1. Sear. Well, for all your words, we muſt ſearch you.

Adam. Search me, take héed what you do, my hoſe are my caſtles, tis burglary if you breake ope a ſlop, no officer muſt lift vp an iron hatch, take héede my ſlops are iron.

2. Sear. Oh villaine, ſée how he hath gotten victailes, bread, béefe, and béere, where the King commanded vpon paine of death none ſhould eate for ſo many daies, no not the ſucking infant.

Adam. Alaſſe ſir, this is nothing but a *modicum non necet vt medicus daret*, why ſir, a bit to comfort my ſtomacke.

1. Sear. Villaine thou ſhalt be hangd for it.

Adam. Theſe are your words, I ſhall be hangd for it, but firſt anſwer me to this queſtion, how many daies haue we to faſt ſtil?

2. Sear. Fiue daies.

Adam. Fiue daies, a long time, then I muſt be hangd?

1. Sear. I marry muſt thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you ſir, for I had rather be hangd, thē abide ſo long a faſt, what fiue daies? come ile vntruſſe, is your halter and the gallowes, the ladder, and all ſuch furniture in readineſſe?

1. Sear. I warrant thée, ſhalt want none of theſe.

Adam. But heare you, muſt I be hangd?

1. Sear. I marry.

Adam. And for eating of meate, then friends, know ye by theſe preſents, I will eate vp all my meate, and drink vp all my drinke, for it ſhall neuer be ſaid, I was hangd with an emptie ſtomack.

A looking Glaſſe, for

1. Sear. Come away knaue, wilt thou ſtand feeding now?

Adam. If you be haſtie, hang your ſelfe an houre while I come to you, for ſurely I will eate vp my meate.

2. Sear. Come lets drawe him away perforce.

Adam. You ſay there is fiue daies yet to faſt, theſe are your (words.

2. Sear. I ſir.

Adam. I am for you, come lets away, and yet let me be put in the Chronicles. (ded.

Enter Ionas, Raſni, Aluida, kings of Cilicia, others royally attē-

Ionas. Come carefull King, caſt off thy mourfull weedes,
Exchange thy cloudie lookes to ſmoothed ſmiles,
Thy teares haue pierc'd the pitious throane of grace,
Thy ſighes like Imence pleaſing to the Lord:
Haue bene peace-offerings for thy former pride.
Reioyce and praiſe his name that gaue thee peace.
And you faire Nymphs, ye louely Niniuites,
Since you haue wept and faſted for the Lord,
He graciouſly haue tempered his reuenge,
Beware henceforth to tempt him any more,
Let not the niceneſſe of your beautious lookes,
Ingraft in you a high preſuming mind e,
For thoſe that climbe, he caſteth to the ground,
And they that humble be, he lifts aloft.

Raſni. Lowly I bend with awfull bent of eye,
Before the dread Iehouah, God of hoſte,
Deſpiſing all prophane deuice of man,
Thoſe luſtfull lures that whilome led away,
My wanton eyes ſhall wound my heart no more:
And ſhe whoſe youth in dalliance I abuſ'd,
Shall now at laſt become my wedlocke mate.
Faire Aluida looke not ſo woe begone:
If for thy ſinne thy ſorrow do exceed,
Bleſſed be thou, come with thy holy band,
Lets knit a knot to ſalue our former ſhame.

Alui. With blaſhing lookes betokening my remorſe,
I lowly yeeld my King to thy behеſt,
So as this man of God ſhall thinke it good.
O Iouiſh Woman, amends may neuer come too late,

Iwill thou practise godnesse, & vertuousnesse,
The God of heauen when sinners do repent,
Doth more reioyce then in ten thousand iust.
Rasni. Then witnesse holie Prophet our accord.
Alui. Plight in the presence of the Lord thy God.
Ionas. Blest may you be, like to the flouring sheaues
That plaie with gentle windes in summer tide,
Like Oliue branches let your children spred:
And as the Pines in loftie Libanon,
Or as the Kids that fed on Lepher plaines,
So be the seede and offsprings of your loines,
Enters the Vsurer, Gentleman, and Alcon.
Vsurer. Come forth my frends, whom wittingly I wrongd,
Before this man of God, receiue your due,
Before our king I meane to make my peace.
Ionas, behold in signe of my remorse,
I heare restore into these poore mens hands;
Their goods which I vniustly haue retaind,
And may the heauens so pardon my misdeeds,
As I am penitent for my offence.
Thrasi. And what through want, from others I pur-
Behold O King, I proffer forth thy throane. loynd,
To be restored to such as owe the same.
Ionas. A vertuous deed pleasing to God and man,
Would God all Cities drowned in like shame,
Would take example of these Niniuites.
Rasni. Such be the fruites of Niniuies repent,
And such for euer may our dealings be,
That he that cald vs home in height of sinne,
May smile to see our heartie penitence.
Viceroyes proclaime a fast vnto the Lord,
Let Israels God be honoured in our land.
Let all occasion of corruption die.
For who shall fault therein, shall suffer death.
Beare witnesse God, of my vnfained zeale.
Come holy man, as thou shalt counsaile me,
My Court and Citie shall reformed be.

Exeunt.

A looking Glaſſe, for

Ionas. Wend on in peace, and proſecute this course,
You Ilanders on whom the milder aire
Doth ſweetly breath the balme of kinde increaſe:
Whose lands are fatned with the dewe of heauen,
And made more fruitfull then Aclean plaines.
You whom delitious pleaſures dandle ſoft:
Whose eyes are blinded with ſecuritie,
Unmaske your ſelues, cast error cleane aſide.
O London, mayden of the miſtreſſe Ile,
Wrapt in the foldes and ſwathing cloutes of ſhame.
In thee more ſinnes then Ninuie containes.
Contempt of God, diſpight of reuerend age.
Neglect of law, deſire to wrong the poore:
Corruption, whordome, drunkennesſe, and pride.
Swolne are thy brows with impudence and ſhame.
O proud adulterous glorie of the Weſt,
Thy neighbors burns, yet doeſt thou feare no fire.
Thy Preachers crie, yet doeſt thou ſtop thine eares.
The larum rings, yet ſleepeſt thou ſecure.
London awake, for feare the Lord do frowne,
I ſet a loking Glaſſe before thine eyes.
O turne, O turne, with weeping to the Lord,
And thinke the praiers and vertues of thy Queene,
Defers the plague, which otherwiſe would fall.
Repent O London, leaſt for thine offence,
Thy ſhepheard faile, whom mightie God preſerue,
That ſhe may bide the pillar of his Church,
Againſt the ſtormes of Romiſh Antichriſt:
Thy hand of mercy ouerſhead her head,
And let all faithfull ſubiects ſay, Amen.

FINIS.

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